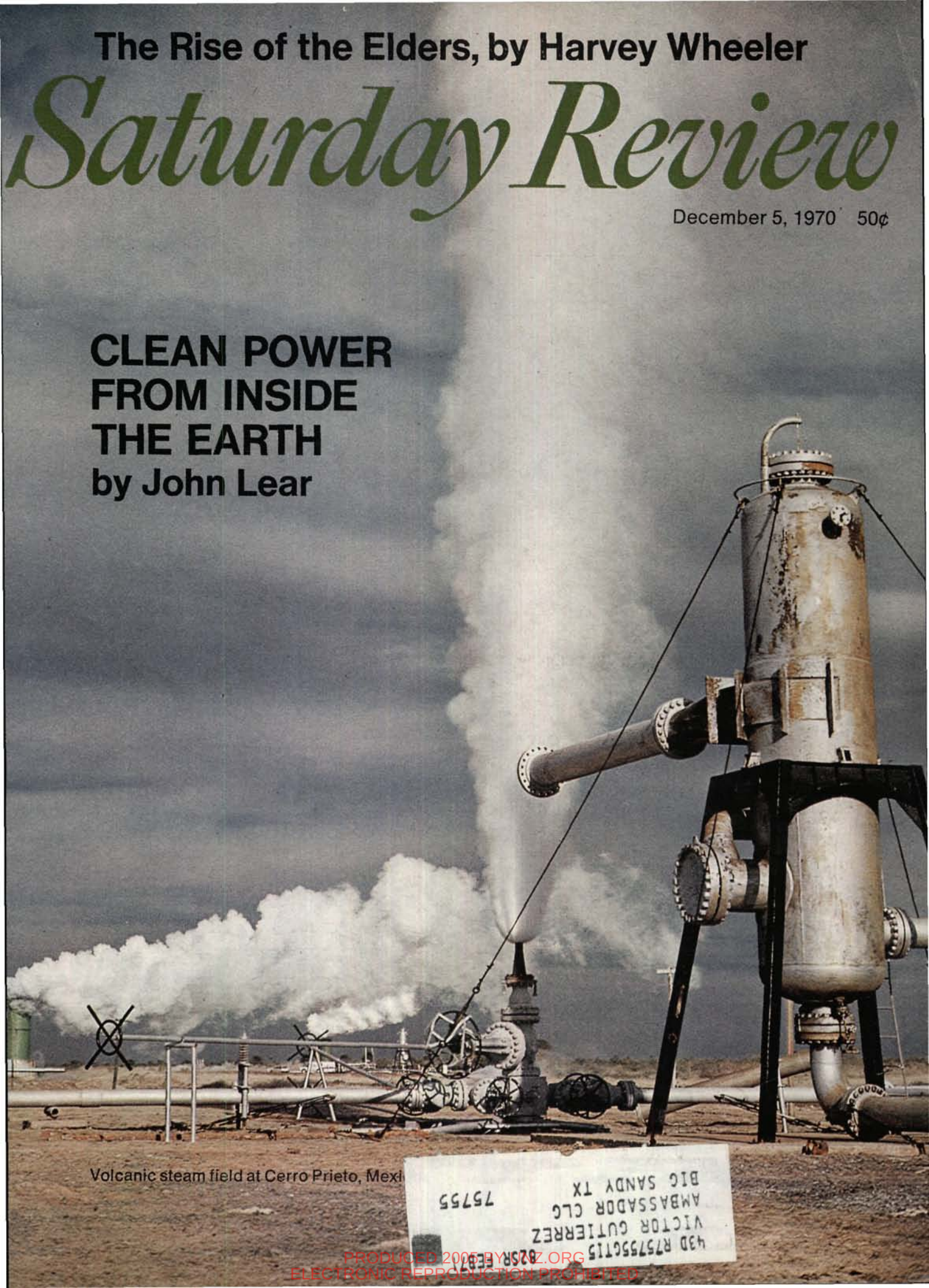
The Rise of the Elders, by Harvey Wheeler

Saturday Review

December 5, 1970 50¢

CLEAN POWER FROM INSIDE THE EARTH

by John Lear



Volcanic steam field at Cerro Prieto, Mexi

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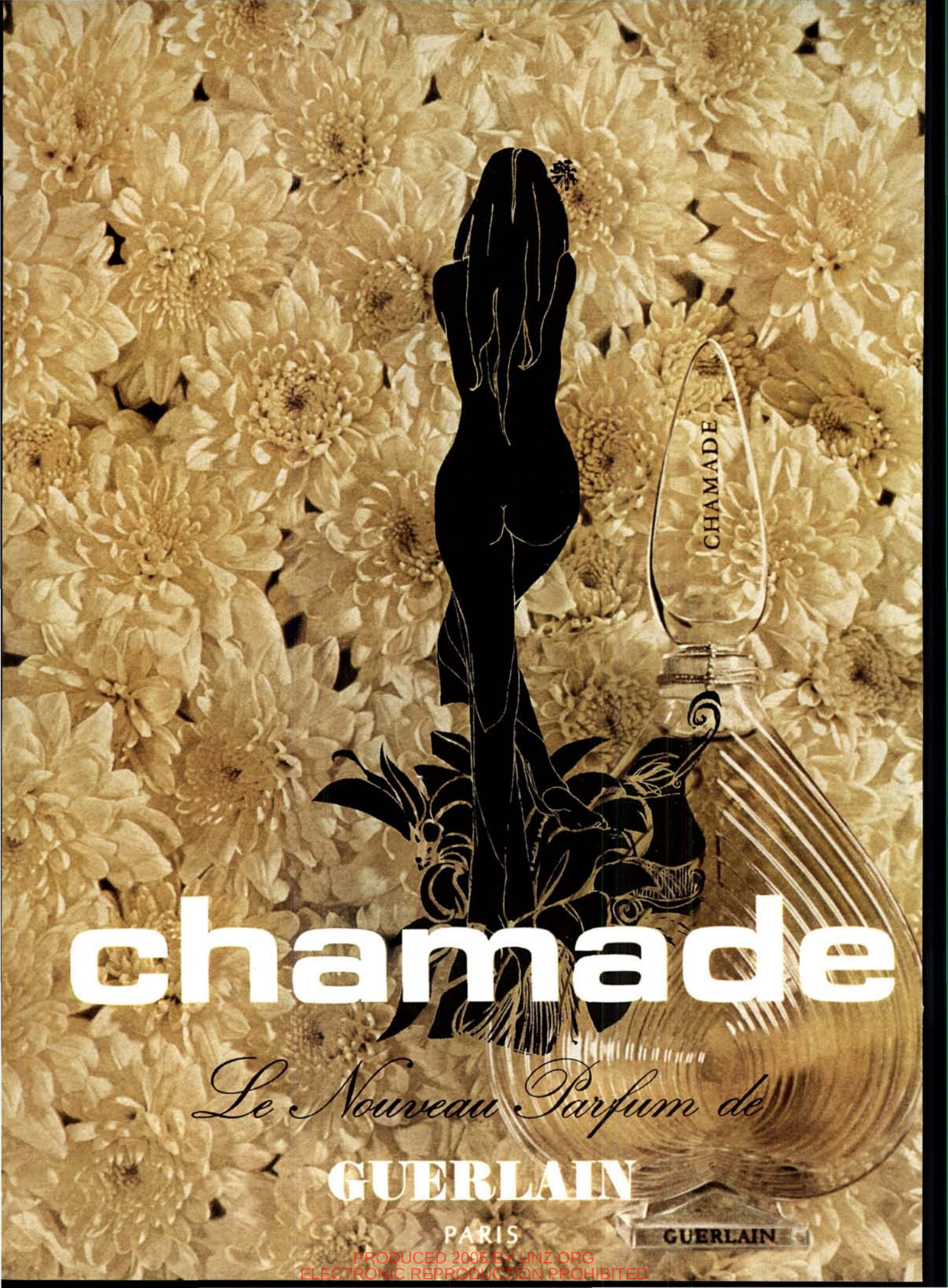

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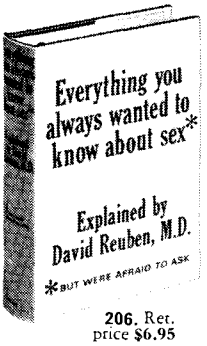

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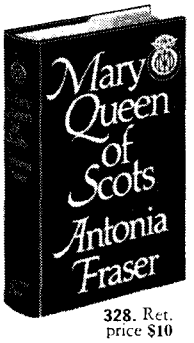

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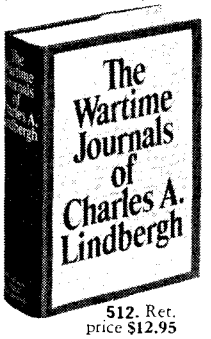

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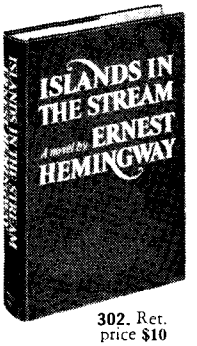

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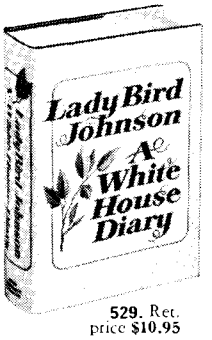

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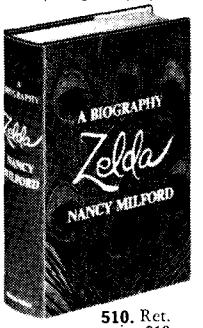

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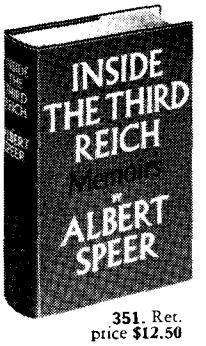

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Increasingly, many of our most interesting books of general interest are coming from a group of authors once thought of as "academic." The meaning of academic, in the sense of being confined in interest to the academy, simply does not hold in publishing any longer.

For example, two new books, written by authors with academic credentials, are headed for audiences beyond the classroom. THE ABSTRACT SOCIETY by Anton C. Zijderveld, who studied at Leiden, the Hartford Seminary Foundation, and now teaches sociology at Sir George Williams University in Montreal, blames many of our current frustrations and revolts on the fact that the centers of power that control our lives are becoming more and more remote from daily experience. ALIENATION by Richard Schacht, who teaches at the University of Illinois, is, in the words of its first review, "a twin-pronged inquiry into one of the most important and flagrantly bandied-about concepts of the century" and a major by-product of "the abstract society."

What is this problem of finding oneself bucking establishments (or sensing that you are part of one), clashing with authoritarian systems, city hall, the capitol, faceless organizations and technologies?

Zijderveld shows our divided selves, our roles in conflict, and also our endless ability to adapt and rebel. He explains retreat, revolt, and activism—and suggests how Ralph Nader-like protest can be carried forward in the 70s.

Schacht studies the various interpretations of various thinkers to answer the all-important question, "What *is* alienation?"

My private opinion, after reading these two good books, is that we can yet cope with our abstract society and that a little alienation is not altogether a bad thing.

L.L. Day

EDITOR-AT-LARGE

ALIENATION ($7.95), by Richard Schacht, and THE ABSTRACT SOCIETY ($5.95), by Anton C. Zijderveld, are published by Doubleday & Company, Inc., 277 Park Avenue, New York 10017. Copies may be obtained from your own bookseller or any Doubleday Book Shop, one of which is located at 8131 Forsythe Boulevard, Clayton, Missouri 63105.

December 5, 1970

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Cover: University of California photo by Charles O'Rear

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CARTOONISTS: Joseph Farris, David W. Harbaugh, William P. Hoest, Charles E. Martin, Henry Martin, Al Ross

Saturday Review published weekly by Saturday Review, Inc., 380 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017. Norman Cousins, President and Editor; William D. Patterson, Executive Vice President and Publisher; Nathan Cohn, Senior Vice President and Treasurer; Richard L. Tobin, Vice President and Associate Publisher; Harry T. Morris, Vice President-Advertising; Irving Kolodin, Vice President-Programs; Joseph S. Iseman, Secretary; Robert A. Burghardt, Director of Advertising Services; Martin A. Blum, Director of Promotion and Research; George Reeves, Circulation Director; Bert Garmise, Circulation Consultant; Marion Urmy, Assistant to the Publisher. Subscription $10 a year. Member Audit Bureau of Circulations. Vol. LIII, No. 49, December 5, 1970. Second-class postage paid at New York, N. Y., and at additional mailing offices. Indexed in the "Readers' Guide to Periodical Literature."
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Happy New Year.

By the time 1971 ends, the drunk driver will have killed 35,000 of us.

That's the current prediction of safety experts. 1971 could be the deadliest year yet.

Unless.

Unless we do even more than we've been doing to get the drunk driver off the road.

Two years ago this month we began this campaign. Since then, 17 states have passed tougher drunk driving laws. And 950,000 action booklets have been sent to interested citizens—to show how they can help.

A lot of important things have been done, but not all the important things. There's more work ahead.

At Allstate, we feel we must continue the campaign to get the drunk driver off the road. We owe it to our policyholders, to the legislators and citizens who've already accomplished so much—and to you—to continue the crusade.

Will you help?

There are things you can do. They are simple things, but can have a profound effect. They are outlined in the booklet "The Drunk Driver May Kill You." For a free copy write to the Safety Director, Allstate Insurance Company, Northbrook, Illinois 60062.

Do something. It can keep you from being a statistic.

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Let's make driving a good thing again.

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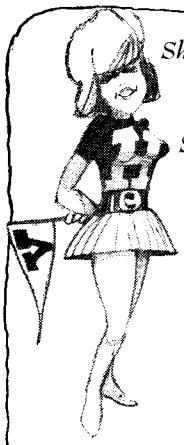
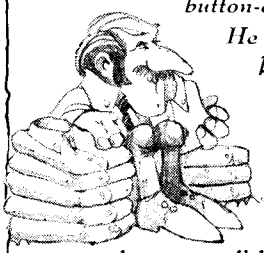


She goes to Harvard. She made Phi Beta Kappa. She's all knowledge with FACTS-IN-FIVE.* *How can she tell her father she's transferring to Vassar?*



He digs white button-down shirts. He tells knock-knock jokes. He always loses at BLUE LINE HOCKEY.* *Can a man his age still learn how to figure skate?*

She vacations with the Jet-Set. She craves diet colas. She spends her spare hours playing SUM-UP.* *Should she join a commune or become a CPA?*

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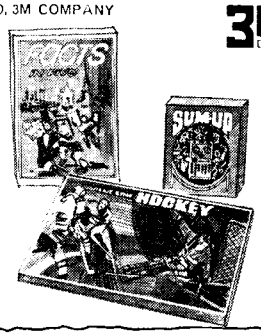

Phoenix Nest

Edited by Martin Levin

Shutter Shudders

HAVE YOU NOTICED how magazines seem to be featuring blurred color photographs lately? At first glance they look like the what-you-did-wrong pictures in camera instruction manuals. At second glance they look like that too.

Some of the pictures are out of focus. Others have been taken at the wrong settings—a difficult thing to do with the modern automatic camera. Many of the shots are on the dark side—black, brown, deep purple. Others are almost pure white with a few orange streaks.

Many of the pictures show evidence of camera motion. The photographer has opened his lens, then lurched around for a minute or two before closing the shutter. These shots are touted by the magazine caption writers as "showing motion."

What has happened, of course, is that the improperly exposed and badly focused photograph has become Art. The bad picture is now good, and the good picture is bad. For amateur 35-millimeter photographers like myself, this is distressing news. For years I've been culling my slides and throwing away Art.

Many of my mistakes would now be worth big money in the modern magazine market place. For instance, there was the slide showing a tiny part of my house at extreme right, in focus, and the rest of the frame a brown blur with what looked like an eye in the middle. My dog was leaping at the camera tripod. It was a photo editor's dream:

> Artist-photographer Williamson imparts a feeling of motion, almost as if a dog were leaping at a tripod, in his classic "Conflict in the Suburbs."

And there was my acclaimed "One Tennis Shoe, with Kneecap," captured forever on outdated Kodachrome film when I stumbled and tripped the shutter on a hike.

The sports magazines that feature pictures of blurred people running and blurred sports cars racing would have fought over "Frisbee Unfocused," a shot of my nephew and my brother-in-law tossing a Frisbee, with my camera set at three feet.

My "Giant Redwoods and Finger" probably would have been captioned:

> A personal statement of the photographer concerning man's ruthless attitude toward his environment.

And like an idiot I tossed it out, keeping the slide of the redwoods without the finger. The same fate met "Child Unrolling Agfachrome at High Noon," a dramatic thirty-six-exposure strip of film showing absolutely nothing. Startling. Bold. Inventive. Angry.

Perhaps my greatest artistic triumph was "Daughter's Birthday Party with Failing Flashbulb," a moody Kodacolor showing what appears to be four birthday candle flames and twelve little beady eyes on a brownish-gray background.

But, alas, the picture is gone. And hundreds like it. I have destroyed them all. Now others are getting rich and famous with their terrible slides, while all I have is a closet full of old-fashioned perfect exposures. It's enough to make me pound my head against the wall. For two minutes at f3.5.

—DERECK WILLIAMSON.

How to Assemble a Christmas Toy

CHRISTMAS EVE always seems to arrive a little bit ahead of schedule. As a result, most American fathers seldom have time enough to assemble the bits, pieces, and parts of the various toys Santa will deliver to their youngsters. Therefore, as a public service, it is a privilege to present the English translation of the assembly manual that arrives with most Christmas toys.

> Superpedactions left and right as so stamped on the superpedaxle, "R" and "L," and are not interchangeable.

This means that whatever you're putting together has two pedals, one for the right foot, and the other for the left.

> Remove stem cap and insert dynobracket threaded nail "A" into dynobolt threaded fastener Y124 to make certain your dynisphere is secure.

This means that you have to put a nut on the screw to make certain that the wheel doesn't fall off the thing you're putting together.

> Loosen ultramatic security fastener W345½ and slip ultrasafety vehicular control handle M234V into position. A slight pressure may be required.

This means that you're going to strain a muscle or two trying to get

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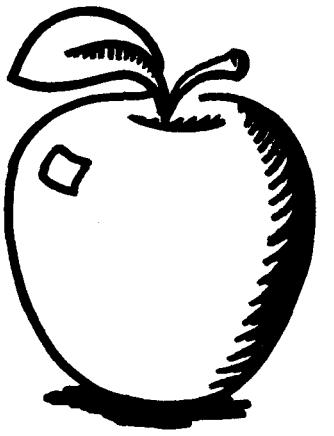
The DDT-less apple. Yours for 9¢.



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Dear Fellow Human:

This is not a scare ad. If you can read—let alone smell, taste and breathe—you're probably scared enough.

Because you know that a flood of poisonous chemicals has invaded your family's diet. Robbing your food of its flavor and wholesomeness. Robbing you of your health, and perhaps years of life as well.

You know that 20 states (so far) have banned their fish, poultry and game because of mercury poisoning that has killed entire families.

That doctors now suggest infants should not drink their mother's milk, because the DDT content of mother's milk in America is now *four times higher than the maximum permissible "safety" level.*

That 51% of all fish sticks sold in America are bacteriologically contaminated.

That the paraffin-wax coating applied (for "visual appeal") to 70% of all fruits, vegetables and produce sold in this country is a known cancer producer, which cannot be washed off or cooked out.

That to fatten profits, 75% of the entire American beef supply is now being "primed" with a dangerous growth-hormone called *stilbestrol,* also a known cancer producer.

That even your drinking water is now so contaminated that, according to the Wall Street Journal, *bottled water has become the fastest growing business in the United States!*

"Organic foods"—what are they? (And how can they help?)

"Organic" doesn't describe the food—*but how it has been grown and prepared.* Quite simply—organic food has NOT been sprayed, stimulated, bleached, colored, fortified, emulsified and processed to within an inch of its life (and yours). Some people call it "Health Food." Others say "Natural Food." We say only this: Remember how good food used to taste? And how good it was *for* you? That's what organic food, and The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY, is all about.

Towards a "total organic environment"

More than just a supermarket by mail (or a collection of wild-eyed food "faddists.") EFS was inspired by a distinguished group of doctors, biologists, dieticians and ecologists who were alarmed at the contamination of our food supply and the accelerating destruction of our environment.

Through the support of members like yourself, The EFS is encouraging farmers, cattlemen, and manufacturers all over the country to STOP polluting our food, our air, *our lives.* Encouraging them in the only way practical—*by making it worth their while.* A farmer won't stop spraying poisons on his crop because you hand him a copy of "Silent Spring"—*but because you promise to buy that unsprayed crop.*

Similarly, bakers will stop emasculating their bread; poultrymen will stop force-feeding their hens with arsenic to make them lay faster; food-processors will stop flooding us with phosphate-laden detergents and non-bio-degradable containers—*only when they can be sure of selling their ecologically sound products at a fair market price.*

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What is a "fair market price"?

Does it mean organic foods must cost more? Of course it does! (And don't believe anyone who tells you otherwise.) But they need not cost very much more, *when you order through the nationwide resources of The EFS.*

That is because EFS prices are based on *yearly* averages. From coast to coast, our manufacturers, livestock raisers and farmers promise to abide by our strict organic principles. (And we check to make sure!) In return, EFS promises to accept and distribute their organic output—every day, every month, every season. So that the price-level of organic foods need never be more than a few pennies above that of "contaminated" products.

And even these low prices can be lowered—as, month by month, we bring more and more of the earth and its products under organic cultivation. (Our goal: the United States in seven years, most of the world in ten.)

How the Society works for you

Many members order their entire weekly or monthly food supply from the Society. Others buy just a few things, like a special honey, "natural" vitamins, chemical-free cider, etc. *But no member is ever obligated to buy anything.*

Free with your membership

You will receive the Society's COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS. This is an illustrated market-place (for members only) of organically grown fruits, vegetables, meats, fowl, fish, butter, milk, eggs, cheeses, dried fruits, honey, nuts, breads, juices, cookies, cakes, candy, grains, cereals, flours, vitamins—all the foods you normally buy for yourself and your family. The Society will deliver them direct to your door. Or, as with certain perishables and non-shippables, advise you where and how to obtain them if available in your locality.

More than just foods

Your CATALOG offers virtually everything you need for a total organic environment. "Natural" cleaners—without harmful chemicals and phosphates. Bio-degradable paper-towels, containers, waxes and polishes—that perform without polluting. Youth-giving cosmetics—so nutritious you can even eat them. Also: non-poisonous insect repellents, non-deprivational light-bulbs, home tap-water purifiers (so you won't have to buy bottled water), organic toothpaste and baby products, appliances such as blenders, juice extractors, yogurt makers, seed sprouters, and much more.

Also free

The EFS Newsletter (regularly $3.50 a year) will keep you alert to what is happening in, and to, your environment. And what you can do about it now. Frank reports name names, tell you which companies are culprits, what commercial products are (relatively) safe, which supermarket items to buy—and beware of. You will learn to read between the lines of pending legislation—and phoney product labels. How to put the latest facts about diets, drugs, pollution and population to work in *your* neighborhood—for *your* family.

You will also benefit from the Society's continuing guide to organic living: How to choose healthful foods and a well-balanced diet (low in contaminants, high in survival). Which commercial foods are (barely) tolerable if no organic substitute is available—*with a complete listing by brand names.* What the so-called "popular" foods *really* contain (in plain, frightening English). And how to neutralize them, if possible.

Plus terse abstracts of vital government reports. Names of people and agencies to write to (or scream at) for information and action NOW. And counseling for every diet from kosher, vegetarian and macrobiotic to salt-free, weight-loss, high-protein and low-cholesterol.

Don't just hope things get better —help us make them better.

Ask yourself these disquieting questions. Who really cares (and in whose *interest* is it to care) about the quality of your environment? And the safety of your family's diet? What has the government done? What has private industry done? There is, in the last analysis, only you. And the thousands like you who are aware—and concerned—enough to get behind EFS now. *While there is still time.* Please mail the application on this page today. Putting it off for tomorrow could mean there might be no tomorrow.

FREE if you act promptly

"BASIC-H" an organically grown cleaner for things and people too

No, you won't see it on network TV. Even though it's a marvel in the dishwasher or washing machine. And cleans hands, faces, cars, baby things, walls, floors, fine fabrics, pots, grease—anything at all—much better than those so-called "miracle" detergents. But it's *not* a detergent. Or even a soap. It's completely organic—made from what food is made from. So it has no harmful chemicals to hurt you. And no phosphates to pollute our lakes and streams. Why won't you see it on network TV? Maybe because it's not very expensive. Only half-a-teaspoon does a whole floor. And just one drop does a whole family's hands. Or a whole baby. Accept this sample supply as a free gift (if you promise to try it), and keep it free, even if you later decide to cancel membership.

The ECOLOGICAL FOOD SOCIETY
114 East 40th Street, N.Y., N.Y. 10016

Yes, please enroll me in The EFS. Membership does not obligate me to buy anything. But it does entitle me to receive (1) a free copy of THE COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG OF ORGANIC PRODUCTS, (2) a free subscription (regularly $3.50 a year) to The EFS Newsletter, (3) the Society's continuing guide to organic living, and (4) the privilege of ordering as much or as little as I desire from the COMPREHENSIVE CATALOG at member prices. Naturally, anything I order through the Society must satisfy me fully, or I may return it for a prompt refund. Enclosed is my one-year membership fee of only $5 to help defray the cost of the above benefits, and support the work of EFS in restoring our environment by bringing more land and livestock under organic cultivation. I am free to cancel membership simply by returning my membership materials within 30 days and you will refund my $5 in full.

☐ Yes, also include my free supply of BASIC-H, mine to keep whether I remain a member or not. SR-1250

Name_____

Address_____

City_____ State_____ Zip_____

☐ $5 membership fee enclosed.

☐ Charge my Master Charge #_____

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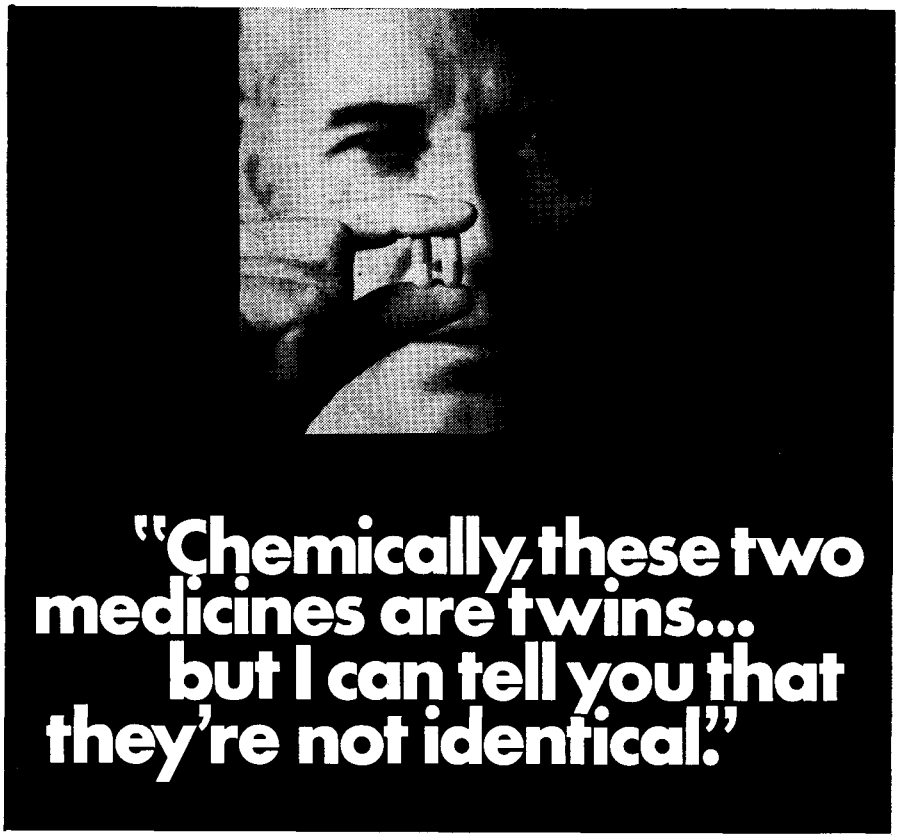

"Chemically, these two medicines are twins... but I can tell you that they're not identical."

The head of research for a leading pharmaceutical manufacturer knows that "twin" medicines can give different results.

These two products might work in different ways in your body. Both capsules contain the same active ingredient, but they were made by different companies, each with its own formulas and manufacturing techniques.

Can these small differences matter? Ask your doctor or pharmacist. Tests indicate that two drug products with the same active ingredient can vary in many ways. The base or "filler," the binding material, the coating, the particle size—all can affect how the medicine is absorbed in the body. Even the type of container for some medicines is important.

Testing in the laboratory does not always reveal if two drug products that are equivalent chemically will react the same way. In fact, more and more recent testing on biological effects shows that for some products key differences in absorption rates and effectiveness do exist.

Choosing the specific drug products that he wants for you is your doctor's prerogative. He makes the decision on the basis of his experience with a product and a company and his knowledge of your condition and medical history.

Remember, your doctor prefers to prescribe and your pharmacist to dispense brand name products or quality generics from specified reliable manufacturers.

Another point of view . . . Pharmaceutical Manufacturers Association, 1155 Fifteenth Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005

the brake clamped into position on your Christmas toy.

Be certain to use only Sonicmaster power packs when energizing the Sonicircuit of each of the four Sonittachments in your unit.

This means that the thing you're trying to put together uses four batteries to make it work.

If gear change is not smooth, check to be sure that the indicator rod is even with the end of axle when gear changer is in normal position as described in 4D above.

(4D—Apply oil to cartridge L.)

This means that after you've labored for a couple of hours to get the thing assembled, it probably won't work.

To adjust shift (See Fig. 3C): Set My-tee adjustment control at "S" (Start). If indicator does not show letter "S" through the observation hole, release lock nut (Y568342) on My-tee cable and rotate the knurled joint (RZ22) until indicator shows "S." Then tighten lock nut (Y568342). If indicator still does not show "S," use procedure described in 4D above.

(4D—Apply oil to cartridge L.)

This means that you're in real trouble and better call your brother-in-law, who is a mechanic, on the phone so he can help you out. If he is not at home, your wife may be able to accomplish miracles with a hairpin.

Caution! Our Outaspace mechanisms are only human. They are precision devices and should be treated with care, and must be kept in adjustment to avoid costly damages to the parts.

This means that if anything goes wrong you can not sue the company that manufactured your Christmas toy, since it is all your own fault the damn thing doesn't work.

Parts of this instrument were carefully inspected by Assembly Master #3 before leaving our Jetto plant. In the event apparatus does not work, please use procedure described in 4D above and/or Paragraph 6, page 32.

(4D—Apply oil to cartridge L.)

Paragraph 6, page 32—In event procedure described in 4D above does not work, or if any parts are missing, please notify: Assembly Master #3, c/o Jetto Plant, U.S.A. Blvd., Tokyo, Japan.

This means that you better put the toy away until next Christmas, and then sit down and write an angry letter to Assembly Master #3.

—RICHARD W. O'DONNELL.

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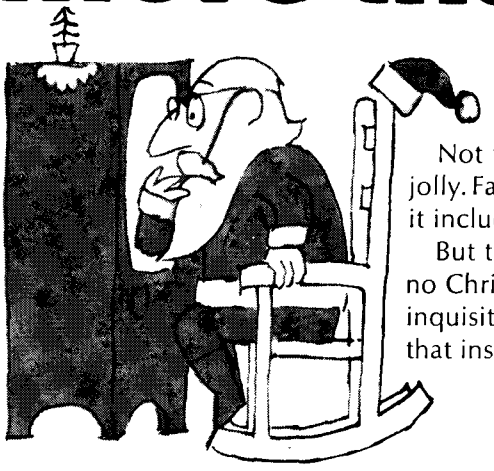
'Tis the season to be more than jolly.



Not that television has anything against being jolly. Far from it, as witness our listing below; it includes holiday fare for the young of all ages.

But the world continues to turn Christmas or no Christmas. Day by day, television will keep its inquisitive eye open for the things that affect us, that inspire us, that excite and concern us.

The American Economy Today. CBS News Special. Tuesday, Dec. 1 (10-11 pm).

Dr. Seuss' How the Grinch Stole Christmas. *Narrated by the late* Boris Karloff. Wednesday, Dec. 2 (7:30-8 pm).

Ethiopia: The Hidden Empire. National Geographic tour of isolated region. Wednesday, Dec. 2 (8-9 pm).

A Charlie Brown Christmas. Yuletide with "Peanuts" kids. Saturday, Dec. 5 (7:30-8 pm).

Discovery. A Tale of Two Forts; Summer in Boston Ghetto; Canoeing in Minnesota Lakes; Pendleton Roundup. Sundays, Dec. 6, 13, 20, 27 (11:30-12 Noon).

Wild Kingdom. Miracle of Motion; Experiment on Ocean Floor; *M'Bogo Safari; Chincoteague Roundup.* Sundays, Dec. 6, 13, 20, 27 (7-7:30 pm).

The Littlest Angel. Starring Fred Gwynne, Cab Calloway, Tony Randall, Connie Stevens, others. Sunday, Dec. 6 (7:30-9 pm).

World of the Beaver. The beaver's life cycle. Henry Fonda narrates. Tuesday, Dec. 8 (7:30-8:30 pm).

The Night the Animals Talked. Animated Christmas parable. Wednesday, Dec. 9 (7:30-8 pm).

Petula. Petula Clark with Dean Martin, Peggy Lee, David Frost, Everly Brothers. Wednesday, Dec. 9 (9-10 pm).

Plimpton! Shoot-Out at Rio Lobo. George Plimpton, John Wayne on Westerns. Wednesday, Dec. 9 (10-11 pm).

The Besieged Majority. NBC White Paper on urban crime. Wednesday, Dec. 9 (10-11 pm).

Hans Brinker. Musical starring Eleanor Parker, Richard Basehart, Cyril Ritchard, others. Saturday, Dec. 12 (7-9 pm).

A Christmas Carol. The Dickens story animated. Sunday, Dec. 13 (5-6 pm).

Santa Claus is Coming to Town. Fantasy with voices of Fred Astaire, Mickey Rooney, Keenan Wynn. Sunday, Dec. 13 (7-8 pm)

1770. First of series on events leading to American Revolution. Peter Ustinov, Eric Sevareid, commentators. Tuesday, Dec. 15 (10-11 pm).

The Little Drummer Boy. Greer Garson narrates Christmas story. Wednesday, Dec. 16 (7:30-8 pm).

Bing Crosby's Christmas Show. Starring the Crosby family. Wednesday, Dec. 16 (8-9 pm).

J. T. CBS Children's Hour—A lonely black boy in the ghetto. Sunday, Dec. 20 (7-8 pm).

A World of Love. UNICEF benefit with Richard Burton, Julie Andrews, Audrey Hepburn, Harry Belafonte, Shirley MacLaine. Tuesday, Dec. 22 (8:30-9:30 pm).

S. Hurok Presents—Part IV. David Oistrakh, Sviatoslav Richter in concert. Friday, Dec. 25 (4:30-5:30 pm).

Beethoven's Birthday: A Celebration in Vienna with Leonard Bernstein. Selections from Fidelio, Symphony No. 9, Piano Concerto No. 1. Friday, Dec. 25 (7:30-9 pm).

Rapping with Brinkley. Teenage newspaper editors chat with David Brinkley. Saturday, Dec. 26 (12 Noon-1 pm).

A Copland Celebration. New York Philharmonic Young People's Concert. Sunday, Dec. 27 (4:30-5:30 pm).

The American Adventure. Broad perspective on the nation's condition today. Monday, Dec. 28 (9-11 pm).

REGULARLY SCHEDULED PROGRAMS

Monday through Friday: Sunrise Semester/The Today Show/ Captain Kangaroo/Sesame Street/Misterogers' Neighborhood

Tuesday: First Tuesday (appearing first Tuesday each month)/ CBS Reports/60 Minutes

Saturday: In the Know/The Reluctant Dragon and Mr. Toad/ The Tomfoolery Show/Hot Dog/ABC's Wide World of Sports

Sunday: *Lamp Unto My Feet/Look Up And Live/Camera Three/* Bullwinkle/Discovery/Face the Nation/Meet the Press/Directions/ Issues and Answers/Wild Kingdom/The Wonderful World of Disney

Note: This is, necessarily, a partial listing. Time (NYT), titles and casts of these national programs are subject to change. Please consult your station listings; check also for noteworthy local programs.

TELEVISION INFORMATION OFFICE, 745 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10022

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Top of My Head

Goodman Ace

Oh, Say Can't You See?

I'M AS PROUD of our flag and the Republic for which it stands, one nation under God, indivisible, as is the next taxi driver. But this one was bent on giving me a hard time.

I did not start the debate. Since we are a "nation indivisible," I try to keep it that way. So I don't start anything with cabbies. He started it when he pointed to a six-inch flag that hung from the inside of his windshield.

Before I relate the actual conversation, I want to take the oath that I am a loyal, patriotic American who believes it is the right of anyone to express his fervent patriotism by displaying a flag. But if his purpose is to demonstrate that I'm less of an American than he, I resent it. OK?

"I had to buy a new flag," my man said. "Some long-haired hippie must have swiped it last night when I went in for a cup of coffee. So I had to buy a new one. Too much disrespect for Old Glory going around these days."

"I know what you mean," I said. "So you're flying a New Glory today. But it's too bad you don't have your flag hanging on a staff."

"A staff? How'm I gonna get a staff on this windshield? What difference does it make?"

"Well, according to the flag code," I said, "a flag should not be displayed on a float, or a motor vehicle, or a boat, unless it's on a staff."

"Who said that?"

"It's the flag code," I replied, taking it out of my pocket, where I carry it for such occasions next to my American Express card. "This flag code for civilian display of the flag," I continued, "was passed by Congress in 1942."

"Yeh? And I'll bet you that those Congressmen were soft on long-haired hippies."

Rather than get into a discourse on his anachronistic hippies of 1942, I tried to drop the subject. But he wasn't dissuaded.

"I wear a flag pin on my lapel too," he said, turning around to show it. "Like every true American should," he added, staring at my nude lapel.

"I'm sorry," I apologized. "I left it on the suit I wore last night," I lied. "But does that make me a good American last night, and a disloyal American today?"

"No, I wouldn't go that far. But in these times when everybody's picking on us and trying to start a war with us, we gotta let 'em know we're for America night and day."

"By the way," I said, not knowing enough to keep my mouth shut, "the flag code says that the flag should be flown only from sunrise to sunset. Do you take your flag pin in every evening at sunset?"

He sat up and stared at me in his rear-view mirror. I gave him my friendliest smile. Who knows? He might have been tempted to make a citizen's arrest. But the smile got him.

"That's very funny," he laughed. "But there's nothing funny about our flag, mister. All Americans have been proud of it since good old Betsy Ross sewed up the first Stars and Stripes."

"I beg your pardon," I said, going full steam ahead, "but Betsy Ross did not sew up the first flag. That's a legend no historian has been able to prove."

Just sitting there, he grew two inches taller, and I realized we were not flying united. A little music might clear the atmosphere.

"Do you know the song that goes with the flag, 'The Star-Spangled Banner'?" I asked.

"Sure. I sing it every time I go to a ball game," and he proceeded to sing: "Oh, say can you see by the dawn's early light what so proudly we hailed at the twilight's last gleaming? And the rocket's red glare . . . "

"You left out 'Whose broad stripes.' "

"Oh yes. Whose broad stripes and bright stars, through the perilous night . . . "

"Fight," I corrected.

"You sure?"

"That's it."

"OK," he said continuing. "Over the ramparts we watched were so gallantly streaming. And the rocket's red glare, the planes bursting in air . . . "

"Excuse me," I interrupted. "I get out here. But you should hear this from me rather than from a stranger. It's 'bombs bursting in air.' When Francis Scott Key wrote the song, there were no planes. Anyway, you sing real fine; here's a dollar tip for it. And don't forget to enter that as income when you make out your federal tax return."

"What are you, FBI?"

"No, just a loyal, patriotic American."

"Boy, it takes all kinds!"

'Tis the season to be Tuesday.

Teacher's

The Scotch that made Tuesday famous.

86 Proof Scotch Whisky Blended and Bottled in Scotland ©Schieffelin & Co., N.Y., Importers

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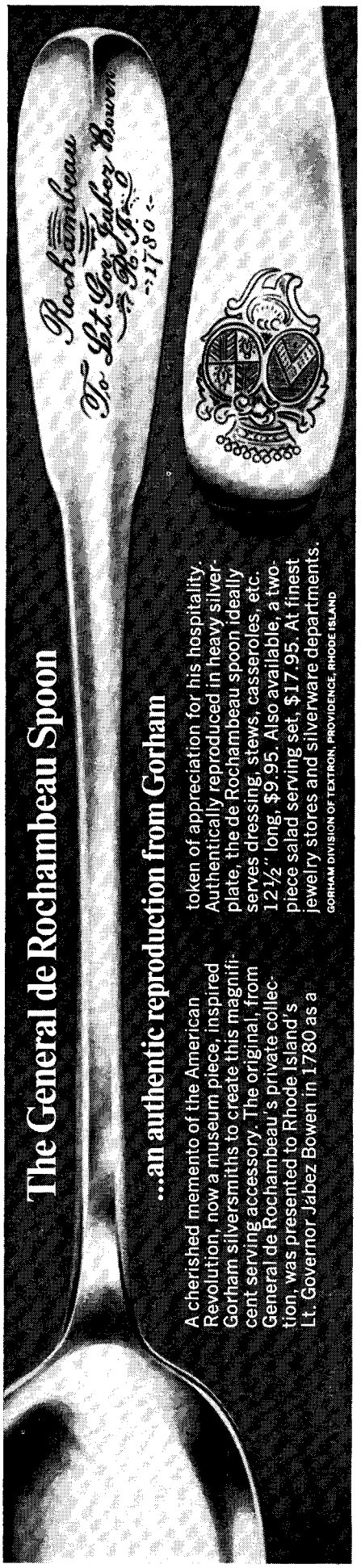
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GORHAM DIVISION OF TEXTRON, PROVIDENCE, RHODE ISLAND

Trade Winds

Cleveland Amory

The final word on the elections came from Sophie Silberberg of Thomas Y. Crowell's children's book department. Mrs. Silberberg found it in *The New York Times:*

> Meanwhile, apparently stung by Democratic charges and editorial observations that the Republican party suffered setbacks in Tuesday's elections, the White House repeated Mr. Nixon's assertion that the Administration had scared a victory.

Scared us, too—but score one for the *Times*. Meanwhile, it's always nice to hear from our old stomping grounds. From Milton, Massachusetts, Ted McHardy came up with a report in the Milton *Record-Transcript* about the retirement of Inman H. Douglass from the Christian Science Board of Directors:

> For 120 years, Mr. Douglass has served the Mother Church in various important capacities.

That's what happens, we say, when you let in those Young Turks. No respect for the old-timers. But there was trouble too among the Episcopalians. Elizabeth Rix found, in the Utica *Daily Press*, a story of the Episcopal convention in Houston voting to expand a program of financing poor people's projects. The headline:

> EPISCOPALIANS
> TO CONTINUE
> POOR WORK

As an Episcopalian, we protest. After all, *everybody* knows God is a Boston Episcopalian. Elsewhere on the charitable front, someone sent a letter, and a Christmas donation, to The Fund for Animals, of which we have the honor to be president. The address:

> Fun Fur Animals
> Box 444, Wall St. Station
> New York, N.Y.

At any rate, the letter didn't start "Dear Fur." One letter to the fund did come, though, addressed to the attention of—and we didn't make it up either—"Miss Treatment."

In the smog-scraper office of Paul, Weiss, Goldberg, Rifkind, Wharton, and Garrison we located the legal abode of Ramsey Clark, former Attorney General, author of *Crime in America*, and the man who has been called the most revolutionary public voice in America today. Mr. Clark looked as tough as a Texas Ranger—but he also looked tired. And well he might be—for he is, among other things, working in New York, teaching in Washington, D.C. (Howard University), speaking all over the country, and handling cases ranging from the Alaskan natives to the president of the student body of Kent State.

Your schedule, we suggested, must be terrific. "Ridiculous," he said, "would be a better word. For a grown man anyway." He smiled. "Or at least a full-size one." He detailed his week, dwelling on a trip to the Philadelphia NAACP, after which he picked up his eighteen-year-old daughter and drove her to Washington for another speech —at Catholic University. "My daughter is retarded," he said matter-of-factly. "She has severe brain damage. She's wonderful and she's coming on." He paused. "Do you know," he said, "that twenty-five per cent of the inmates in the Texas penal system are retarded?"

Mr. Clark also has a boy of sixteen. The son of Supreme Court Justice Tom Clark, Ramsey was born in Dallas but left Texas at the age of nine. "Before I'd been to high school," he said, "I'd been to ten schools. It was good for one thing, though—you got to be your own man."

In 1945, at seventeen, still not finished with high school, he joined the Marines. Then, after the war, he did courier work for the State Department. "I must have gone to seventy-five or eighty countries. It taught me a lot. Even if we are unconcerned about race prejudice, we can't afford it. There are now thirty-three emerging black nations. Their population exceeds ours. And their median age is fifteen—ours is twenty-six."

After his courier work came the University of Texas, the University of Chicago and law school. In January 1961, he was appointed Assistant Attorney General. We asked him to assess, as Attorney General, the late Robert Kennedy. "Well," he said, "I loved the Department of Justice. I remember walking through those halls when I was nine. I had reverence for them. At the beginning I didn't think it was a good appointment—he had too limited a law experience. But he had a magnificent capacity for growth—the Kennedys insist on growing—and I think he became a great Attorney General. God, how alive the place was."

In March 1967, Mr. Clark himself became Attorney General. We asked him

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to assess, as President, Lyndon Johnson. "He was a tremendous human force," he said. "I'm not sure I've ever seen a greater—and he had a tremendous concern for health, education, and equal justice. But at the same time he had an inflexibility. He just seemed incapable of disenthralling himself from the Chamberlain-Munich thing. Rusk had it too. Maybe it was because they lived through it."

What, we asked, about Nixon? "I feel," he said slowly, "he has demeaned the office—or rather, the violent edge of his and the Vice President's rhetoric has demeaned it."

We asked him, finally, to assess himself. Had he thought about politics? "I haven't," he told us, smiling, "except you have to when people constantly talk to you about it. In the first place, I have no political base. My mother's father, Judge Ramsey, ran for governor of Texas in 1912. He spent a lot of money and lost and died broke and left the family broke. It made a deep impression on me. As a young man in Texas, it would not only have been unrealistic of me to run for office, it would have been undemocratic, with a small 'd.' I just couldn't have represented them. Even in those days I had some pretty strong convictions." He smiled again. "And now," he said, "they're even stronger—and I'm not about to fudge on them.

"In the second place," he said, "I don't really have a political personality. I'm essentially a private person. I cherish anonymity and the chance to be myself. In a mass society, you really have to fight for it.

"In the third place," he said slowly, "I believe in skepticism. I think it's an essential human quality. I don't think you can find the truth without skepticism." He smiled once more. "But," he said, "I don't think it would be a very valuable political asset."

We said we didn't either—but, if he would give us the go-ahead, we'd be happy to try to make it one.

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1912)

(WILL AND ARIEL) DURANT:
INTERPRETATIONS OF LIFE

The message of Zorba, that action is its own reward—had not Odysseus lived that axiom on an almost cosmic scale? Now, having walked for a time with Nietzsche, then Buddha, then Lenin, Kazantzakis turned to follow Odysseus to the ends of the earth, resolved to face life without hope and death without fear.

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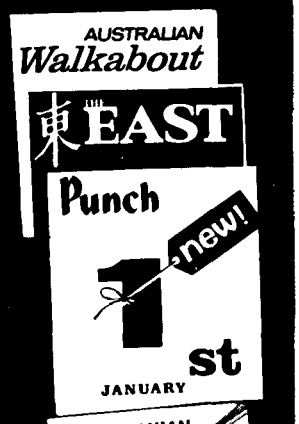

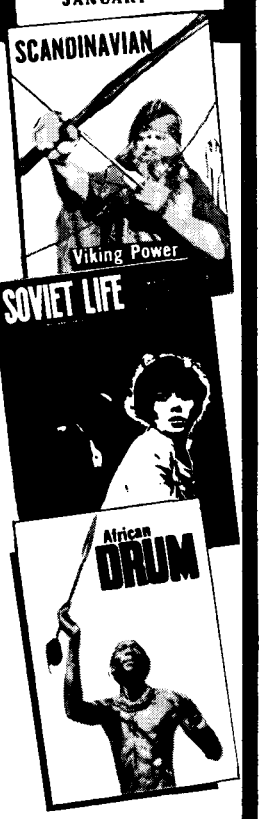

Imagine picking up *Punch* from your coffee table to quote some piece of delightful British humor . . . or being able to look at life behind the Iron Curtain in *Soviet Life* . . . or showing a friend a copy of *Drum* with the throb of tribal Africa.

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Saturday Review
December 5, 1970

The Rise of the Elders

Will the world of tomorrow really be dominated by young people?

by HARVEY WHEELER

This, runs the song, is the dawning of the Age of Aquarius. A time of minority rebellion; a time of crisis in our universities, cities, environment, and even the family. The political system responds with piecemeal archaisms rather than architectonic innovations, and the present administration follows a calculated program explicitly aimed at dividing the nation. The only question is how much violence, how soon. In short, America exhibits all the classic symptoms the great social theorists have defined as a prerevolutionary society.

There is a paradox in the fact that in addition to these overt disruptions several quite different revolutions are taking place. A computer-born organizational revolution is surging out from our research and development think tanks. A scientific revolution, led largely by biologists, promises to bring the very essence of nature, as well as an alteration of human nature, under man's control; revolutionary developments in physics promise to make interplanetary communication possible. Mathematicians calculate that the galactic reaches contain innumerable Earth-like planets with varied biological and cultural evolutionary histories. Once we are able to receive and decode signals from these planets, their histories may serve as templates for the evolutionary futures open to us.

A more immediate prospect, surprising though this may seem, is the conquest, or at least the partial conquest, of death. Gerontology embraces a spectrum of the sciences, physical and social: sociology, psychiatry, molecular biology, brain physiology, and so on. Until quite recently, the hard scientists—the molecular biologists—were of two minds about the possibility of elongating the human life-span. Each was hopeful, but doubtful. Death, they agreed, was a disease, but an incurable one. Man had one or more biological clocks built into him. While it might be possible to distribute something like the full biblical span, seventy to ninety years, to nearly everyone, going beyond to a life-span of a hundred or more years was reluctantly deemed impossible. Today, however, even the "conservatives" are persuaded that within ten to twenty-five years man's internal clocks will be alterable. It will be possible to make them run longer, to reset them, even to turn them back. Alex Comfort, professor of biology at the University of London and widely known among his peers as "Mr. Gerontology," makes no bones about it. Soon, he says, we will be able to slow down the rate of aging. Old age would not be lengthened; few people would want an additional twenty or so years of senescence, and living an additional generation as an octogenarian would be a grim travesty. The aim, and the promise, is instead to add the additional years to the prime of life. So-called middle age would last for forty or more years.

These forecasts are not based on mere guesswork. Several promising leads are being traced down by scientists all over the world. One of these, the "free radical" theory, suggests that free radicals—unstable molecular particles—react with normal molecules to cause degenerative effects. Anti-oxidants, such as vitamin E and butylated hydroexytoluene, are believed to have the capacity of neutralizing free radicals. This type of treatment could raise a problem we would soon have to face head on. Anti-oxidant therapy may be available to human beings within a few years. If so, direct experimentation with human subjects will be necessary, and the rules and safeguards necessary before such experiments are performed will have to be worked out very shortly —well in advance of the development of the therapy.

Another theory, called "cross-linkage," suggests that as people age, protein and nucleic acid molecules become hooked together—cross linked—and no longer are able to function normally or to resist enzymes. At first, they clog normal cells and then destroy them. Present estimates indicate that therapy by the repeated injection of cross-linkage inhibitors would cost as much as $2,000 a year per person.

Yet another theory involves plasmapheresis, which means a special blood washing similar to the type of dialysis now administered to those with impaired kidney functioning. This theory is based upon the assumption that debilitating age-inducing toxins accumulate in the blood, requiring separation of the red blood cells from the plasma and substitution of new toxin-free plasma. This, like dialysis, would be prohibitively expensive. Dialysis now costs up to $20,000 a year.

Whatever the ultimate solution, it now seems that just as there may be

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many aging clocks in the body instead of only one, so also therapy may require many, or a combination of, treatments. Moreover, all such therapy promises to be expensive, especially at this early stage of development. Here we come upon the second grave issue to accompany the stretching-out of man's life-span. Longevity, because of cost alone, will become an extremely scarce commodity. Who is going to get it? The rich? Those, such as political leaders, generals, corporation executives, union heads, and university presidents, who have access to the most exotic medical facilities merely by virtue of their wealth or status? If not, and it would seem patently wrong to distribute longevity on this basis alone, who then? Longevity—time—is obviously more valuable than anything else. Who would choose more money over a longer life? Immediately we see the implication. The moment longevity becomes like money, that is, scarce but accessible, then the quest for riches and power will give way to a quest for time, and the entire basis of Western culture as we have known it for a half century or so will change. Men will struggle under the spur of a motivating principle never before known to human history. The ramifications in every facet of endeavor are certain to be profound. For example, how would a so-called post-industrial culture operate if it were based upon the overriding quest for longevity? It is like trying to imagine how people in A.D. 1400 would have responded if told that they must abandon the quest for manorial estates in favor of the acquisition of capital: feudal man attempting to imagine himself as industrial man. We, today, cannot fancifully project ourselves into a new time-centered cultural system, but at least we can realize that the difference will be significant and that all our familiar institutions will be transformed as certainly as were those of feudalism when modernity struck.

Try a few speculative experiments. Assume that in less than a generation man's optimum life-span will expand to 120 years or so. Several changes will occur. Those who will be the first to enjoy this added bounty will feel as if they are truly immortal—the first, as science writer Alan Harrington has put it, of the "immortalists." They will be told that ultimately they will die; literal immortality will not have been achieved, merely the postponement of death. But what difference will this make to those exhilarated by the prospect of having added a generation's worth of time to their life-span? This new lease (literally) on life will not only seem in itself to approximate immortality but will appear as the mere harbinger of more to come; the same technology that made this partial breakthrough will undoubtedly follow with more and more rations of longevity in short order. Whether or not this proves to be the case, men will surely look upon themselves as immortals—men who, for the first time since Creation, will not die, men who have time for everything.

What conclusions can we draw from this? First, there will be a philosophic revolution. From the moment of its birth, philosophy has been dominated by problems that arise because men die. This was true when Socrates and Plato taught that the function of philosophy was to teach men how to achieve a noble death. Beyond that, metaphysical quests, and especially quests associated with notions of being, non-being, becoming, and so on, are death-oriented. Immortalists, like gods, find questions of non-being quite uninteresting. If gods were philosophers, what would *they* ponder? These will be philosophic questions for the first of the immortalists to wrestle with.

Political philosophy is also in for a transformation. Politics assumes that there is not time for everything, that political solutions are time-bound. Budgets are prepared, legislation framed, futures planned, affairs organized, and taxes scheduled for mortals—people who will die, people who will pass on the mantle of leadership to a rising generation. But suppose all this were to change. Each aspect of administration would be made by men no longer in a furious hurry, men no longer harried by an upcoming generation bent on their displacement. Would the rate of social change slow down? Would everything be done at a more leisurely pace? Would society tend to become static? Would political theory shed the dynamism it has had since Machiavelli and instead concern itself with the timeless rather than the time-bound? We are contemplating a new breed of people who will participate in the absolute, a people who, although pioneers in a new scientific epoch, might find thinking about the absolute, as in the Oriental approach, of more relevance than the traditional thought processes of the West.

Consider now the following problem: We are speaking, as it were, of a Methuselah-like, one-horse-shay man. The expansion of his longevity would come during the years of his prime: middle age. This period would be lengthened by, say, thirty years; forty or so years of life would be experienced with the vigor of a forty-year-old. But there is more. We also look forward to preserving vigor into the later years. The decades of today's sixty- and seventy-year-olds would be lived out with the vitality of the prime years, senescence being postponed to a short decline at the very end. So, in all, we are speaking of men who may live as if they were forty years old for a fifty- or sixty-year duration. How would the world cope with what men now experience for but a single decade stretched into more than half a century? Reflect that not only the noblest moments of history but also its worst disasters have been presided over by middle-aged men. Mankind's most outstanding explorers, inventors, scientists, statesmen, and artists have all been middle-aged, but so too have its worst troublemakers—the dictators, the revolutionaries, the conquerors, the empire builders, and the tycoons. Can the world stand five times as much of this? Or, on the other hand, is the present compulsiveness of middle-aged people

(*Continued on page* 42)

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Unfinished Business

There has been no end of speculation during the past year on "which way the country is going": assessments of political trends, analyses of changing patterns in the electorate, talk about silent majorities, emerging majorities, real majorities. But the substantial business of the nation—war in Southeast Asia, the proliferation of weapons around the world, and the nearly forgotten matters of poverty, hunger, injustice, and incivility at home—all these issues are still with us, still unsettled, and in many instances more dangerous and destructive than they were two years ago.

Somehow we have gotten things reversed. Instead of talking about inadequate housing, inadequate food, inadequate medical care; instead of talking about cities on the verge of collapse, schools that no longer function, and people who no longer dare hope, we have been forced to defend those who are trying to press those issues on the nation. Instead of discussing means of restoring confidence to all Americans, we discuss the tactics of protest; instead of finding the common issues that confront us, we have been forced into positions where we appear divided and contentious, and where each man is consigned to his loneliness. Suddenly we are arguing about the most hopeful element in the land—the young—and we are debating about the limits of dissent, not about the problems that the dissenters have been trying to call to the nation's attention.

Quite properly, we have again become conscious of the existence of blue-collar workers, of people "in the middle" who have somehow been omitted from the social calculus. The American worker is back on the map. But instead of trying to deal with the inadequacies in his life—marginal income, lack of social services, barely adequate housing—we have, too often, played to fear and have represented him as a person who resists integration, resents welfare, hates students, and supports (or even relishes) war. At the same time, we have started to forget the issue of poverty itself, have almost forgotten that there are children all over this country who do not get enough to eat, and that there are babies who, for lack of an adequate diet, will be forever handicapped in their mental and physical development. We have forgotten that in the inner cities (and often elsewhere) housing is getting worse, not better, that there are still rat-infested apartments, tenements without heat, children without shoes, and schools that much more nearly resemble prisons than institutions of learning. We have apparently forgotten that even for a family with a respectable income any extended illness is likely to mean bankruptcy, and that many people who have marginal incomes never see doctors or dentists at all. In New York City recently, improper care—and possibly a number of fatalities—in hospitals was attributed by a team of investigating physicians to the shortage of nurses, but we do not know how many deaths are attributable to the difficulty of finding any medical care at all. We have forgotten that in many respects—and especially in social services—this is not a wealthy country with pockets of poverty, but a poor country with pockets of wealth.

The resources, of course, are available: The money is here; so are the talent and the will. Barely a week after the 1970 Congressional elections, Secretary of Defense Melvin Laird announced that the need for new weapons will require increases in defense appropriations estimated at between $1- and $5-billion, bringing the total defense budget close to $80-billion. No one in the administration said anything about inflation; no one suggested publicly that the priorities might be reversed, that the absolute necessities are not in weapons but in funds for community redevelopment, housing, medical care, education, and even food.

No one pointed out that there are uncounted young men and women in this country who want to teach in decent schools, provide medical services to the indigent, and offer legal services to those who cannot afford the fees of private lawyers. Few people in official positions have pointed out that with proper leadership the nation can forge a real majority on the basis of hope, rather than fear, can rally itself to confront problems common to the poor, the black, the young, *and* to many of the un-poor, the un-black, and the un-young.

In a few weeks the 92nd Congress will convene, and thus provide a fresh opportunity to restore some of the priorities. It is plain, after the 1970 elections, that the politics of division and fear have only limited possibilities, and that anyone looking for a position of leadership or a place in history is more likely to find it in unification than vilification, in pulling people together than pulling them apart. In times of war and despair, every man becomes a casualty; in times of hope, we are all winners. —PETER SCHRAG.

Vantage Point

by Ernest Kroll

The graying
(Nel mezzo)
Man looks
Deeper
(Del cammin)
Into the
Circling
(Di nostra vita)
Dark.

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Letters to the Editor

The Exoneration of the Pentagon

As one who protested as vigorously as he could the Naval Institute's prize essay selection of Capt. Robert J. Hanks's article, with its appallingly wrong and potentially dangerous Constitutional rationale, I nevertheless believe that Senator William J. Fulbright, in "The Governance of the Pentagon" [*SR*, Nov. 7], attributes to the armed services a position and influence they simply do not possess. At the time of most of the incidents he cites, the Defense Department was headed by Robert McNamara, whose administration is generally conceded to have exercised a degree of civilian management of the military going further beyond the broader concept of civilian control than had ever previously been experienced.

Furthermore, the Senator by implication downgrades the abilities and characters of those civilians in the Executive and Legislative branches of the government who ostensibly established the basic policies and made the direct decisions. I find it hard to believe that they were taken in by a super-clever and super-organized group of senior officers in the military. I suspect that the truth is that the armed services made the same noises and recommendations they have always made (although perhaps with a louder voice), pointing out the threats and proposing military solutions, while undoubtedly overstating their case in so doing. After all, this is their job. If their advice has been heeded more often than it had been in the past—and perhaps not always wisely—the more likely explanation is that the civilian leaders, in and out of Congress, were convinced that the situation really called for the decisions actually taken, rather than that they were intimidated or overawed by the military.

If the military leaders have been improperly used, in making speeches to Congress or undertaking diplomatic missions to Spain, the Senator himself concedes that they were directed in these activities by their civilian chiefs.

Finally, we should remember that over its history the country's leading imperialists and militaristic adventurers have been civilian and not military. If the U.S. Senate, and in particular its Foreign Relations Committee, is frustrated because the Executive branch has so extensively circumvented its Constitutional prerogatives in the formulation of foreign policy, it should look primarily to others than the military for the culprits.

John E. Greenbacker,
Captain, USN (Ret.),
Washington, D.C.

Shades of Mencken

Herbert R. Mayes in "A Turn of the Tide" [London Letter, Nov. 14] would have us believe that if H. L. Mencken were alive today, he would be surprised to "find his native tongue so much more influential in England than England's English is in Baltimore." It is true that in the first three editions of *The American Language* (1919, 1921, 1923) Mencken argued that the two streams of language, English and American, were diverging, but he later changed his position under the weight of new evidence. In the preface to the fourth edition (1937) he says:

> . . . since 1923 the pull of American has become so powerful that it has begun to drag English with it, and in consequence some of the differences once visible have tended to disappear. . . . The Englishman, of late, has yielded so much to American example, in vocabulary, in idiom, in spelling, and even in pronunciation, that what he speaks promises to become, on some not too remote tomorrow, a kind of dialect of American, just as the language spoken by the American was once a dialect of English.

If Mencken is to be invoked, or reincarnated, let us choose a Mencken of maturity and ripened opinions.

Robert Byrne,
Mill Valley, Calif.

Ciardi's Irony

How very odd of John Ciardi [manner of speaking, Nov. 7] to beat his good American breast and bare his baby-kissing soul before that risible, yet repulsive, House Internal Security Committee—and all in the name of irony. The poor old committee, laughed out of existence by the antics of Jerry Rubin and his merrie men, is gamely attempting a comeback under a new name. Unable to cow the new breed of rebel, it retains, it seems, the ability to confuse liberals.

Following Mr. Ciardi's assertion "I have some personal distaste for public display," these phrases struck me as jolly ironic: "I have raised the flag in honest devotion . . . I am totally devoted to the founding principles of the American nation. . . . I am no such thing [radical] and I never have been."

By publicly denying the accusation of radicalism, Ciardi has gone out of his way to confer legitimacy on the committee. He says he is not a radical but "some sort of moderate liberal . . . confused by most of what is happening." Like other confused liberals in the past, he misses the whole point of the committee's attack, and thereby capitulates to it—abhorring tests of loyalty, he publicly asserts his own. Thus, in a manner of speaking, he has obligingly jumped through the hoops set up for him by the committee.

Jessica Mitford,
Oakland, Calif.

What irony that the HISC's slur on John Ciardi's loyalty could only be refuted with an elementary lesson on democracy.

Larry Gurwin,
Los Angeles, Calif.

"I suppose I can thank Spiro Agnew for this."

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Music to My Ears

Irving Kolodin

"Parsifal," Pure and Simple; David Gilbert, Conductor

THE METROPOLITAN at last owns what it has lacked for many a long season (and some short ones, too): a newly designed, thoughtfully produced *Parsifal*, with a cast of mostly capable performers and a few outstanding ones. The pictorially handsome and thoroughly stageworthy production (underwritten by Mrs. DeWitt Wallace) is the work of the dependable Robert O'Hearn, the well-conceived action directed by Nathaniel Merrill. Together they have evolved a blend of old and new values (the use of the revolving stage is especially apt for serving Wagner's "transformations" in Acts I and III smoothly and fluidly) that should enrich the theater for years to come.

Aside from a tendency to the fashionably dim *chiaroscuro* (which is much more *oscuro* than *chiaro*), O'Hearn's designs tread a well-plotted course between the realistic and the symbolic. Some may find the lake of Act I located in the wrong place (at stage rear, with the result that the procession bearing Amfortas enters from the audience's right and detours to its left) and the verdure appropriate to the "Good Friday Scene" of Act III mostly token; but there are dignity, spaciousness, and the sense of eternity overall. To ask much more of a *Parsifal* conception would be to look for Adolphe Appia and Gordon Craig in the same being.

Outstanding in the wholly new cast were Christa Ludwig as a pocket-sized, admirably believable Kundry; Cesare Siepi, singing in German for the first time and making a warmly appealing success of his Gurnemanz; and the new Swedish tenor Helge Brilioth, in his debut as Parsifal. It is natural to group them together, for each — no matter what idiosyncrasies—is a thoroughly schooled technician, with nary a bark nor a bite to roughen the lines of some of Wagner's most beautiful vocal writing. The compliment would have to be amended drastically for Thomas Stewart, a rather dry-sounding Amfortas, and Ezio Flagello, an almost overmellow Klingsor. As usual, John Macurdy produced a superior sound for his part, which in this instance is Titurel.

A believable, trim, and youngish Parsifal, Brilioth produces a sound just about sufficient to serve for so big a theater as the Metropolitan. He uses his breath uncommonly well, his German enunciation is better than average, and he has a sufficient sense of posture and movement to avoid the unbecoming. However, those who are looking beyond Parsifal to bigger Wagner roles for Brilioth should reckon with the lack of vocal metal needed for such a trumpet part as Siegfried or Tristan. He should serve very well if he isn't tempted beyond the category for which he is suited.

As for Siepi, he will achieve an uncommon transition from the Italian repertory to which he has devoted his whole career when he improves his articulation of German. Vocally, he has both the presence and the richness of sound to be a Gurnemanz of top rank. Few recent German bassos have commanded the legato to sing the "Good Friday" music as beautifully as he did (despite a cold) and none since Ludwig Weber or Alexander Kipnis. Miss Ludwig made her mark among the best Kundrys in years with the range and richness of her singing, but she might refine her actions somewhat more in Act II. At one moment there was a suggestion that her next gambit to seduce the unseducible Parsifal—who is, in this context, pure as well as simple—might be borrowed from Salome, but she desisted.

Taken all together, what restricted this *Parsifal* from taking wings and measuring, musically, to its scenic magic was the methodical but phlegmatic conducting of Leopold Ludwig, a visitor here with the Hamburg Opera in 1967, who was making his debut as a member of the Metropolitan's staff. Ludwig's *Parsifal* was orchestrally transparent, neither hurried nor overly deliberate in pace, both inclinations to applaud. But he rarely shaped a really supple phrase, curved an instrumental line around a voice, or otherwise made Wagner's most prismatic score shimmer as it can. It was, unfortunately, all too consistently in the temperate zone, whether the scene was Titurel's mountain castle or Klingsor's tropical garden.

Two aspects of the late Jonel Perlea's musical gifts were in evidence at the season's first concert in Carnegie Hall by the National Orchestral Association. By no accident, at all, the results were more creditable to his major fame as a conductor than to his lesser identity as a composer. The good was embodied in the excellent effort of David Gilbert, a Perlea pupil before he became a top winner in the last Dimitri Mitropoulos International Competition.

Gilbert's major assets, in addition to a tall figure, a useful supply of auburn hair, and a straight back, are musical intelligence, excellent means of communicating with his players, and the ability to share his attention among several sections of the orchestra simultaneously. It was also worthy of note that the bristling, fervent, and shapely performance of Mozart's D-major (*Prague*) Symphony was accomplished with only a modest output of effort, suggesting that the real work had been done in rehearsal, where it should be done.

The young conductor also honored his mentor with a keen performance of the Symphonic Variations written by Perlea in 1934 and introduced to New York at the World's Fair of 1939 under the persuasive direction of the late Georges Enesco. It shows a conductor's insight into the functioning of an orchestra through the Respighi-Ravel-Strauss idiom then *à la mode*. But it does not give enough evidence of a composer's creativity to suggest latent, thus far unrecognized, distinction on Perlea's part. Gilbert also offered first performances of three Webern songs of the 1913-14 period, not unlike others of that phase of his development, for which Charlotte Regni was the soprano. He also undertook to lead the student orchestra in Debussy's *La Mer*.

The Istomin-Stern-Rose Trio gained a little stature and lost a little luster in the third of its eight-part concert sequence devoted to the piano chamber music of Beethoven in Carnegie Hall. The gain could be credited to a fervent, beautifully informed treatment of the Trio in E flat (Op. 70, No. 2), the loss to a performance of the F-major Sonata (Op. 17) that found Leonard Rose playing a cello version of the horn part with pianist Eugene Istomin.

There is, of course, such an "optional" version of the work bearing the authoritative stamp of the composer's name, but everything about it —conception, execution, and association — has to do with the hornist named Da Punto for whom it was written. To utilize the circumstances of a bicentenary "tribute" to take the easy "optional" way out is to honor neither the composer nor the spirit of the occasion. The evening began with a spirited, sometimes rough, but always communicative playing of the A-minor (Op. 23) Sonata by Stern and Istomin, and ended with Rose on sure ground in the Opus 102, No. 1, Cello Sonata.

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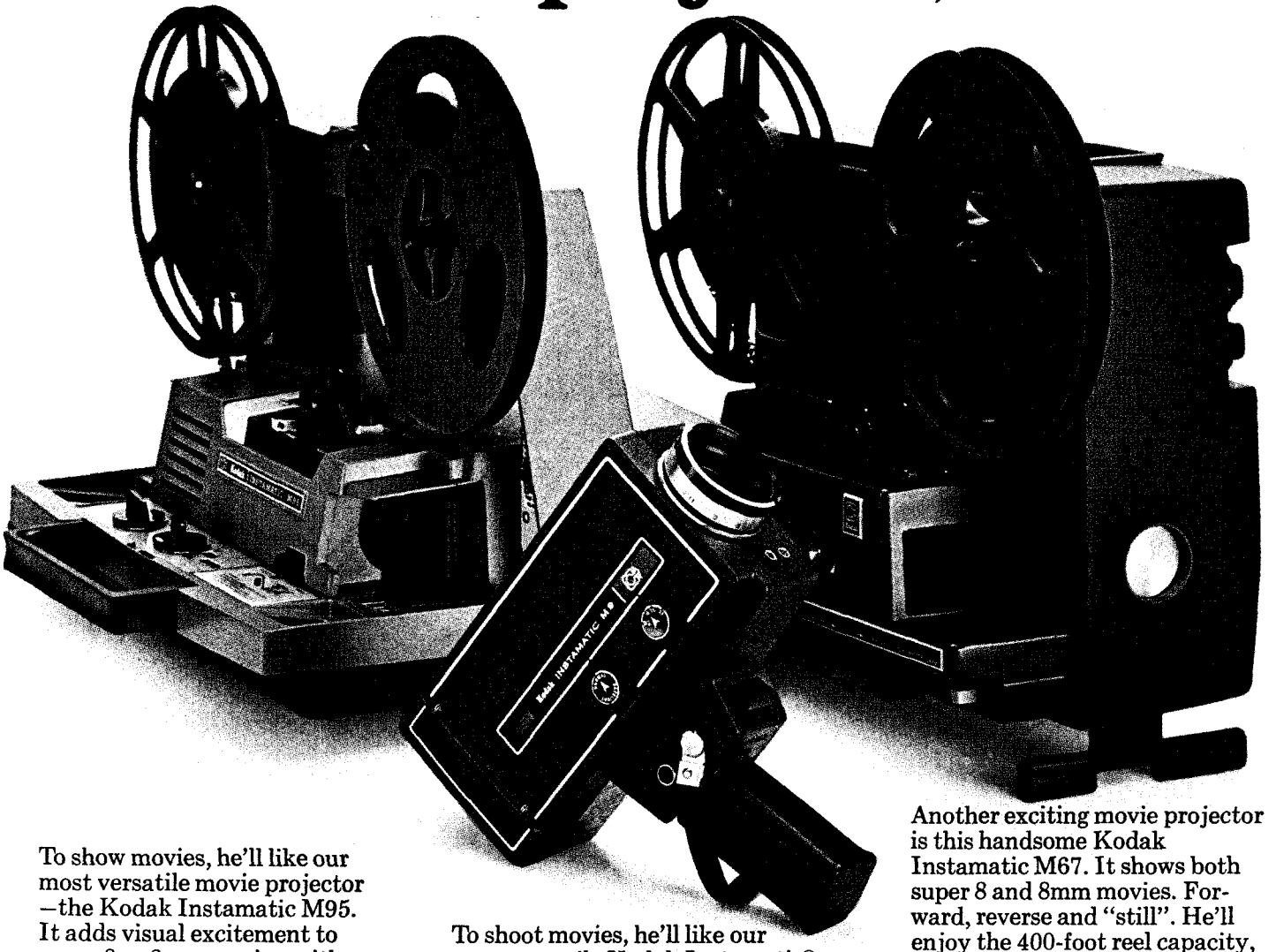

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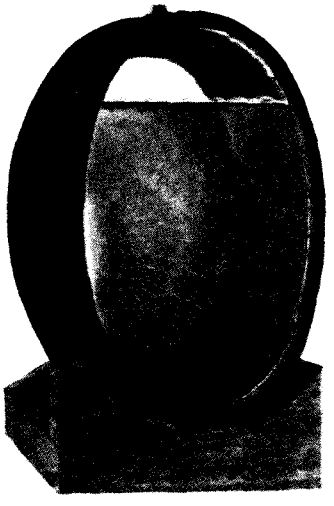

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The Port grape

The best Port grape of Portugal, the Tinta Madeira, is used for Almadén Port. Notice it on the label...you will find it on few, very few, American Port labels...it is always an indication of superior quality, of a true, varietal Port wine. Matured in oak, in the same Solera process as the Sherries, Almadén Ports achieve their maximum softness and flavor. They are made just as Port is made in Portugal. Try them: *Tinta Ruby Port* and *Tinta Tawny Port*.

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In Mexico, a Parable for Modern Man

by ROBERT F. MURPHY

SOCIAL CHARACTER IN A MEXICAN VILLAGE:
A Sociopsychoanalytic Study

by Erich Fromm and Michael Maccoby

Prentice-Hall, 303 pp., $8.95; paperback $4.95

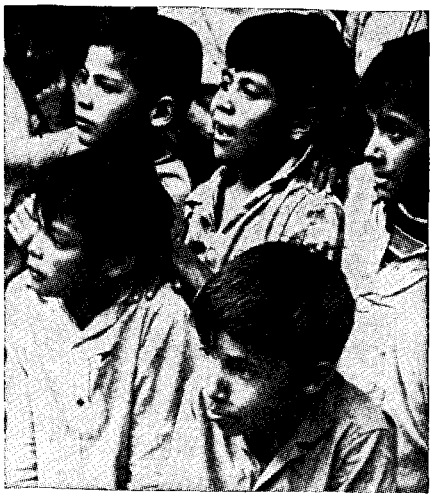
Anthropology and psychoanalysis have had an uneasy and variable relationship, ranging from rhapsodic embrace to open hostility, but always returning to the genius of Freud.

In *Totem and Taboo* Freud attributed the origin of human culture to psycho-libidinal developments that had their genesis in certain traumata of social life in early human groups. His thesis, which is by now almost mythic, was that the first human groups were dominated by patriarchs who exerted a jealous sexual monopoly over the women of the "horde," driving away the sons as they grew to maturity. The sons one day rose up against the father and slew and ate him. Remorseful at their crime, they renounced the women whom they had sought, and undid the parricide by symbolizing the father as a totemic animal figure, placing a taboo on the killing and eating of the species adopted. This was the origin of the incest taboo, exogamy, totemic religion, and social activity mediated by rules. The Oedipal tragedy had really happened, Freud hypothesized, and from it had stemmed culture, which is based upon the reappearance of repressed material in the collective imagery of man. In a famous inversion of St. John, Freud wrote: "In the beginning was the deed."

ROBERT F. MURPHY, chairman of Columbia University's Anthropology Department, is the author of *The Dialectics of Social Life*, to be published in the spring of 1971.

The subsequent history of the psychoanalytic study of culture has been characterized by the growth of the neo-Freudian schools, which have shifted emphasis from the erotic component of the psyche to the network of interpersonal relationships in which the individual is enmeshed. Equally important, the new movements have stressed Freud's ideas on the incorporation or introjection of the external world into the personality, at the expense of his more dynamic concept of repression.

The neo-Freudian revolution has not, however, been so complete as would at first appear. Freud maintained that personality results from the conflict between the individual psyche and the demands of the world of practical activity, while culture is the symbolic refraction of that struggle. The paradigm begins with the social setting of personality formation, proceeds to the development of a personality constellation typical within the society, and ends with a world of symbols, or culture, that bestows meaning and order upon activity. This basic scheme is



—Ursula Bernath

". . . estranged from a new culture."

SR: BOOKS

Book Review Editor: ROCHELLE GIRSON

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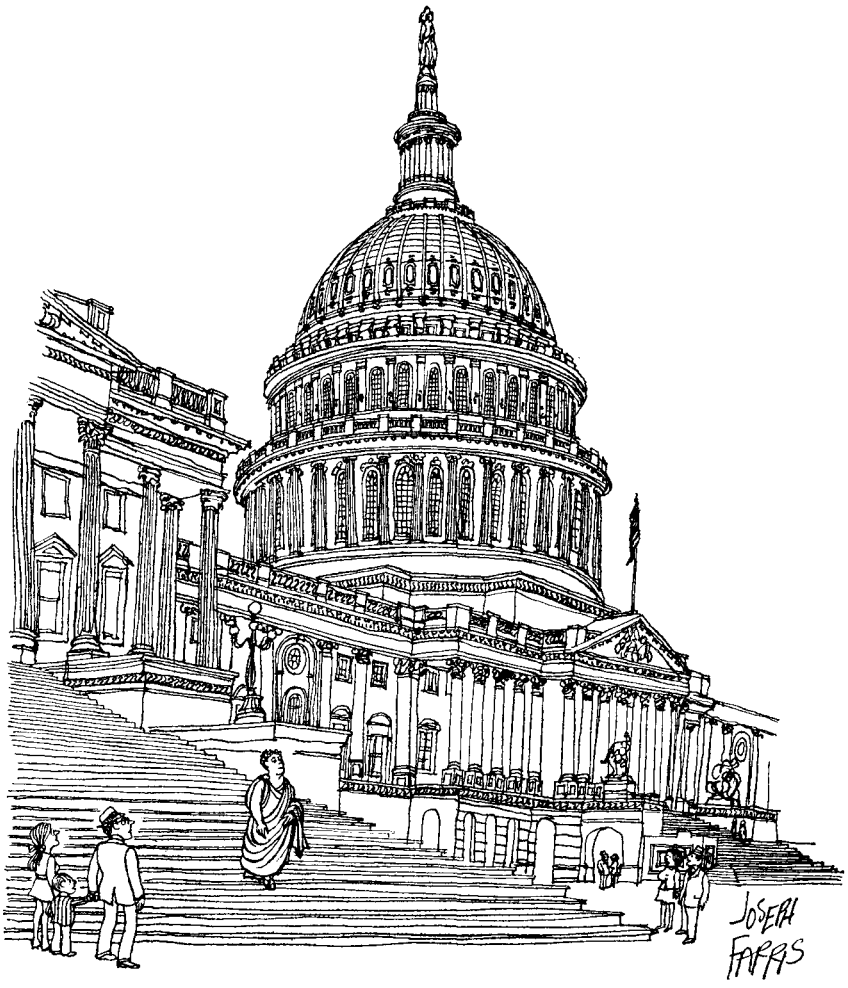
preserved in *Social Character in a Mexican Village*, by Erich Fromm and Michael Maccoby, and serves as a link between Fromm's theories and the Freudian vision.

Fromm and a team of psychoanalysts and anthropologists spent several years studying a village of about 800 inhabitants in the state of Morelos, south of Mexico City. This alone establishes the project as an important and pioneering effort, for, aside from the work of Erik Erikson, L. Bryce Boyer, and a few others, the psychoanalytic study of culture has suffered from a lack of empirical field research. Psychoanalysts have generally preferred to work from secondary sources or to collaborate in the interpretation of data gathered by anthropologists.

Fromm and his associates approached their study with two goals in mind. The first was to test the theory and method of research into "social character," a concept familiar to readers of Fromm's previous works, and which he defines as a syndrome of personality traits adaptive to the particular social and economic milieu of a group. The second goal was to delineate the character syndromes typical of Mexican peasants and to assess the effect of these deeply embedded and relatively fixed character traits upon economic development.

The research, and the resultant book, fall into two parts. The first is a basic community study, focusing on economy and class structure. The second—and major—part consists of the delineation and analysis of character types, mainly through the administration of a lengthy "projective questionnaire" to nearly all the adult villagers. Unlike most questionnaires, which rely upon easily codable responses like "yes," "no," "very much," "very little," the Fromm and Maccoby questions were open-ended and encouraged elaboration. They differed also in seeking unconscious meanings from the responses, rather than overt attitudes. Each questionnaire was scored by psychoanalyst members of the team for dominant and secondary character orientations, and the results were statistically summarized to produce an inventory of social character in the village. The validity of the interpretations was checked by other techniques, principally the Rorschach Test and the Thematic Apperception Test, and further corroboration was sought in the plausibility and coherence of the results in relation to the structure of economic and social life in the village.



A limited number of recurrent character types are found in the village, and are systematically related through statistical correlations to other factors, such as economic class, occupation, sex. Fromm and Maccoby warn that their character types are not mutually exclusive and that it is common for an individual to evidence a number of orientations, though in varying proportion and intensity. The individual's chief characteristics revolve around the ways in which he assimilates objects from the world and relates to other people, the degree of his fixation on either mother or father, and his personal productivity.

The category of ways in which a person assimilates objects is most illustrative of the approach. The authors find three main modes of assimilation, which they term receptive, productive-exploitative, and productive-hoarding. The receptive, and passive, character type was born under hacienda conditions and is perpetuated chiefly among landless laborers. In the past the productive-exploitative type probably represented an unimportant and submerged group, but under modern conditions of emergent capitalism it finds fulfillment and purpose, for these people are the new entrepreneurs. The productive-hoarding character type conforms to the popular image of the peasant as patriarchal, frugal, suspicious, and independent. Fromm and Maccoby show a correlation between this syndrome and the small-scale land owners.

Character and economy are closely interconnected in Fromm's and Maccoby's theory, but the latter is paramount. Peasant farming does not arise out of a hoarding orientation, nor does receptivity create a depressed class. Rather, the economy develops character orientations that may be latent within the population, or selects certain individuals for social and economic niches to which their characters are suitable.

While character may ultimately adapt to its milieu, it lags behind the rapid tempo of social change. This lag produces disjunctions within the total fabric of social life, and the character of the Mexican villager is seen as an impediment to the development of a society that would elicit his full potential for productivity. The tragedy of the individual is that he was molded in a culture which no longer exists and is estranged from a new culture which offers him neither fulfillment nor meaning. The true importance of the work by Erich Fromm and Michael Maccoby, then, is that in the life of a Mexican village they find a parable for modern man.

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Book Forum

Letters from Readers

The Nazi Genocide

IN BOOK FORUM Nov. 7, H. M. Holder asks why Hitler is said to have killed six million Jews if less than 500,000 Jews lived in Germany in 1939. The following figures should clear up the confusion. The source is Hannah Vogt's *The Burden of Guilt*. Vogt is a West German writer whose book is used in many German schools. She says that the total Jewish population of Germany in 1939 was 210,000.

Country	*Jewish losses*
Poland	2,800,000
USSR	1,500,000
Rumania	425,000
Czechoslovakia	260,000
Hungary	200,000
Germany	170,000
Lithuania	135,000
France	90,000
Netherlands	90,000
Latvia	85,000
Greece	60,000
Yugoslavia	55,000
Belgium	40,000
Austria	40,000
Italy	15,000
Bulgaria	7,000
Others	6,000
	5,978,000

LINDA LOEB CLARK,
Millersville, Pa.

ALTHOUGH THE TOTAL NUMBER of persons exterminated is popularly estimated at six million (a majority of them Jews), the actual total will never be known, since many persons perished without having the opportunity to be registered first at a camp.

JUDITH CROITER,
Whitestone, N.Y.

EICHMANN HIMSELF REPORTED an over-all figure of about six million to Himmler, who thought the number should have been greater. See affidavit of Dr. Wilhelm Hoettl, historian and deputy Gruppenführer in the Reich Main Security Office, dated 26 November 1945 (U.S. Ex. 296).

IRVING M. HERMAN,
Arlington, Va.

IT IS NOW FASHIONABLE among right-wing groups to represent the mass murders of Hitler as a myth, to say that Jews *invented* the figure of six million dead in order to gain sympathy for themselves and support for Israel. Such a horrible, despicable theory should not be allowed to be spewed forth unchecked.

SAUL J. PANSKI,
Los Angeles, Calif.

Dreams and Reality

IT WAS QUITE A PLEASANT SURPRISE to read Herbert Gold's article [*SR*, Oct. 31] concerning Olympia and, more or less, *The New Olympia Reader*—but where in heaven did you get that information about a $1.95 *paperback* edition?

Our only resource is to print a paperback edition, if we can manage to fit your dreams with our reality, and our 900 pages with the meager $1.95 you have allotted us. (And why be so ungenerous? You could have favored us with a more substantial $2.25, or even $2.95!)

MAURICE GIRODIAS,
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The paperback price erroneously included in SR's article applies to an earlier publication by Mr. Girodias, "The Olympia Reader."*

The Will to Believe

ONE WONDERS WHAT STINGS Robert Ardrey's defenders so. They couldn't expect a professor of anthropology to review *The Social Contract* [*SR*, Oct. 24] on a purely literary basis. Professor Melvin Tumin has supported his criticisms with evidence and quotations from the book. His review agrees in substance with other reviews of Ardrey's books from the scientific community.

But *SR*'s letter writers have so far only attacked the critic. Ardrey's brand of conjecture has attracted a vehement following who seem to want very much to believe. Granted, scientific fact begins as conjecture, but only a small portion of conjecture is ever supported scientifically. There seems to be a cult developing, which is certainly not going to be swayed by mere evidence. Besides, it is fashionable and fun to attack professors.

JOHN VACHER,
Chapel Hill, N.C.

"Lightning Bolt"

WILLIAM HEYEN'S REVIEW of *The Williams-Siegel Documentary* [*SR*, Nov. 14] is valuable for some of its quotations; the rest of it is quite dishonest.

Heyen evades the central question: Was William Carlos Williams sincere or not when he wrote me that "lightning bolt of a letter" about Eli Siegel's poems in 1951? Certainly Williams was capable of pleasant social insincerities, but to write impassionedly for "over a thousand words" to a stranger about the most important subject in the world to him—poems—is something else entirely. If Williams was not sincere, if he felt he had been carried away by an enthusiasm which later didn't hold up—why didn't he say so? What would have happened? It would have been easy, if that's what he felt. It is what his wife and his friends wanted him to do.

Well, he didn't do it. He couldn't stand up for the letter, but he couldn't repudiate it, so he was tortured. It is torture to believe something is good and be afraid to say so because of your own comfort. I know this from experience. There is evidence that Williams's suppression of what Siegel meant to him harmed him terribly. Even so, he never repudiated the letter, and he gave me permission to publish it two and a half years after it was written, when he had had plenty of time to think it over.

It is now nineteen years since Williams's letter was written. It is possible, you know, that he was not only sincere but correct. A lot more people think so now than did then. Many responsible persons believe that the Aesthetic Realism of Eli Siegel—poetry, philosophy, criticism, and knowledge about people—is what America is looking for. The experience of William Carlos Williams is important because it gives credence to this possibility. That is the biggest reason—outside of truthfulness and ordinary decency—that what is in *The Williams-Siegel Documentary* ought to be respectfully understood, not sneered at in the small-minded manner of William Heyen.

MARTHA BAIRD,
New York, N.Y.

Honey, Vinegar, and Vodka

FROM ITS SNIDE OPENING to its muddled conclusion Harvey Curtis Webster's pettifogging review of my *The Uninhibited Byron* [*SR*, Oct. 17] is symptomatic of the kind of effusion to be expected from the myopic academic snob, who finds it safer to admire what has been done and accepted than to read what may be fresh with an unmalicious eye. Although I make no statement about Byron without documentary evidence—more often than not, Byron's own evidence—Professor Webster reiterates that what I have to say "may be true," but he, of course, doubts it. On the other hand, he finds nothing new. But he knows that my Lady Caroline, my Augusta, my Lady Melbourne, and my Annabella are not the women presented by any of my predecessors.

As for that mixture of "honey, vinegar, and vodka" of which Professor Webster accuses me, I must claim exemption. I have never sampled the concoction, though his review reeks of it—honey for accepted authority, vinegar for me, and vodka for his auto-intoxication.

BERNARD GREBANIER,
New York, N.Y.

Timely

IN MY REVIEW of *The Coming Destruction of Israel*, by Myron S. Kaufmann [*SR*, Sept. 5], I referred to the book as a "potboiler." I wish to emphasize that, in using this expression, I meant that the book had been written swiftly to permit interpretation of current headlines concerning the Middle East crisis. It was not my intention to imply in any way that the book was not of superior quality.

Indeed, as I believe my review reflected, I felt that the book was excellent and particularly valuable because of its timeliness.

DAN KURZMAN,
New York, N.Y.

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THE GREENING OF AMERICA: How the Youth Revolution Is Trying to Make America Livable

by Charles A. Reich

Random House, 399 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Robert Eisner

■ "Consciousness III," according to Yale law professor Charles A. Reich, "is deeply suspicious of logic, rationality, analysis, and of principles." If you have arrived at Consciousness III, you will like this book.

Reich constructs three categories of "consciousness," or "whole perception of reality," on which the progress and survival of society depend. Consciousness I is the free-enterprise "traditional outlook of the American farmer, small businessman, and worker who is trying to get ahead. . . . II represents the values of an organizational society. . . . III is the new generation." Our current "corporate state" (a phrase borrowed from John Kenneth Galbraith's much more finely etched *New Industrial State*) is somehow trapped between the anachronistic Consciousness I and the conformist Consciousness II. We thus have "depersonalization" and "repression," and are threatened with the destruction of "all meaning and all life."

It strikes me that Consciousness I, II, and III represent about the extent of Reich's use of numbers; *The Greening of America* is stronger on purple prose than on quantitative analysis. One could immediately smell success in this opus (excerpted in *The New Yorker* and widely commented on prior to publication), not because it is intellectually rigorous but because it is just the opposite. Like *Easy Rider*, it is easy on the mind and carries a rich appeal to the senses. Consciousness II will gain masochistic pleasure from reading a rundown of its sins, and both Consciousness II and III will derive delight and titillation from Reich's description of the new life-style.

But the problems Reich takes as his departure points are terrifyingly real. We do have poverty in the midst of plenty. We do have a heritage of exploitation of our black minority. We do have violence in our schools, which both literally and spiritually destroys children, and violence in our cities. We do choke in our own smoke and destroy our own land, even while our youth are being forced to destroy another land in a dirty war we seem to lack the collective ability to stop. Above all, we are frustrated in our quest for individuality in a world of interdependence. We are challenged on the meaning and value of freedom of choice when the values that determine our choices are themselves determined by forces that seem to be out of our control. All these are serious, weighty issues, and failure to resolve them may lead to the destruction of our society—although that is a possibility to which a cautious social scientist might not wish to assign a high probability. But Reich's discussion of these issues and what to do about them employs none of the professional tools of any social science.

Reich makes short shrift of Consciousness I. It "was appropriate to the nineteenth-century society of small towns, face-to-face relationships, and individual economic enterprise. . . . its reality centered on the truth of individual effort." It cherishes a nostalgic belief that that government is best which governs least, and one may presume it still contributes much to the mass support of the Republican Party, if not to its power structure.

Despite our lingering faith in the virtue of individual effort, self-discipline, and even competition, most readers of this review—along with the reviewer—are likely to be found in the admittedly diverse general area of Reich's Consciousness II, which includes "businessmen (new type), liberal intellectuals, the educated professionals and technicians, middle-class suburbanites, labor union leaders, Gene McCarthy supporters, blue-collar workers with newly purchased homes, old-line leftists, and members of the Communist Party, U.S.A. Classic examples of Consciousness II are the Kennedys and the editorial page of *The New York Times*." The one characteristic we Consciousness II types all share, according to Reich, "is the insistence on being competent and knowledgeable."

We may be carried along by some of Reich's criticisms of life under the corporate state, of the pressure for conformity, the toadying, the cant, the materialism, the conscienceless tie-in with the military and war. His jibes at advertising may be welcome. Suggestions that much work is routine and repetitive and boring will be received with sympathy. But what does it mean to say that man now lives a "robot life"? How seriously can we treat assertions that "the state has undertaken to define, within rather strict limits, the life-style of its citizens with respect to sex life, culture, and consciousness, and political thought and activity. . . . Sex life shall consist of a monogamous marriage. . . . Cultural life shall include anything produced and prescribed by the machine. . . . Political life shall be limited to loyalty to the Corporate State. . . ."?

Perhaps we should excuse the rhetoric. There are certainly elements of truth, if not of novelty, in those statements. Reich is objecting, however, not to specific evils but to the whole system, and he claims that elimination of the evils calls for rebelling against the system's regimentation and rejecting its life-style at every turn.

In the schools we have a mindless

Your Literary I.Q.

Conducted by David M. Glixon

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN

Grace J. Breckling of Shaker Heights, Ohio, found a dozen unhappy children in the predicaments summarized below. Who suffered them, and in the writings of what authors? If you can't bear the suspense, you may turn for relief to page 40.

1. Threatened by townsfolk with separation from her mother ( )
2. Stranded on an island with no adults ( )
3. Made to wear a Sir Launcelot costume ( )
4. Prepared for burning as a sacrifice ( )
5. Pinned to a mast by a dirk ( )
6. Had to work 364 days a year in a silk mill ( )
7. Smothered in bed with his brother ( )
8. Unmercifully thrashed by his stepfather ( )
9. A queen threatened her with decapitation ( )
10. Forced into heavy labor at an inn ( )
11. Locked up in the room where her uncle had died ( )
12. Lay in the snow by her dying mother ( )

A. Alice	a. anon.
B. Cosette	b. C. Brontë
C. David	c. Browning
D. Edward	d. Carroll
E. Eppie	e. Dickens
F. Isaac	f. G. Eliot
G. Jane	g. Golding
H. Jim	h. Hawthorne
I. Pearl	i. Hugo
J. Penrod	j. Shakespeare
K. Pippa	k. Stevenson
L. Samneric	l. Tarkington

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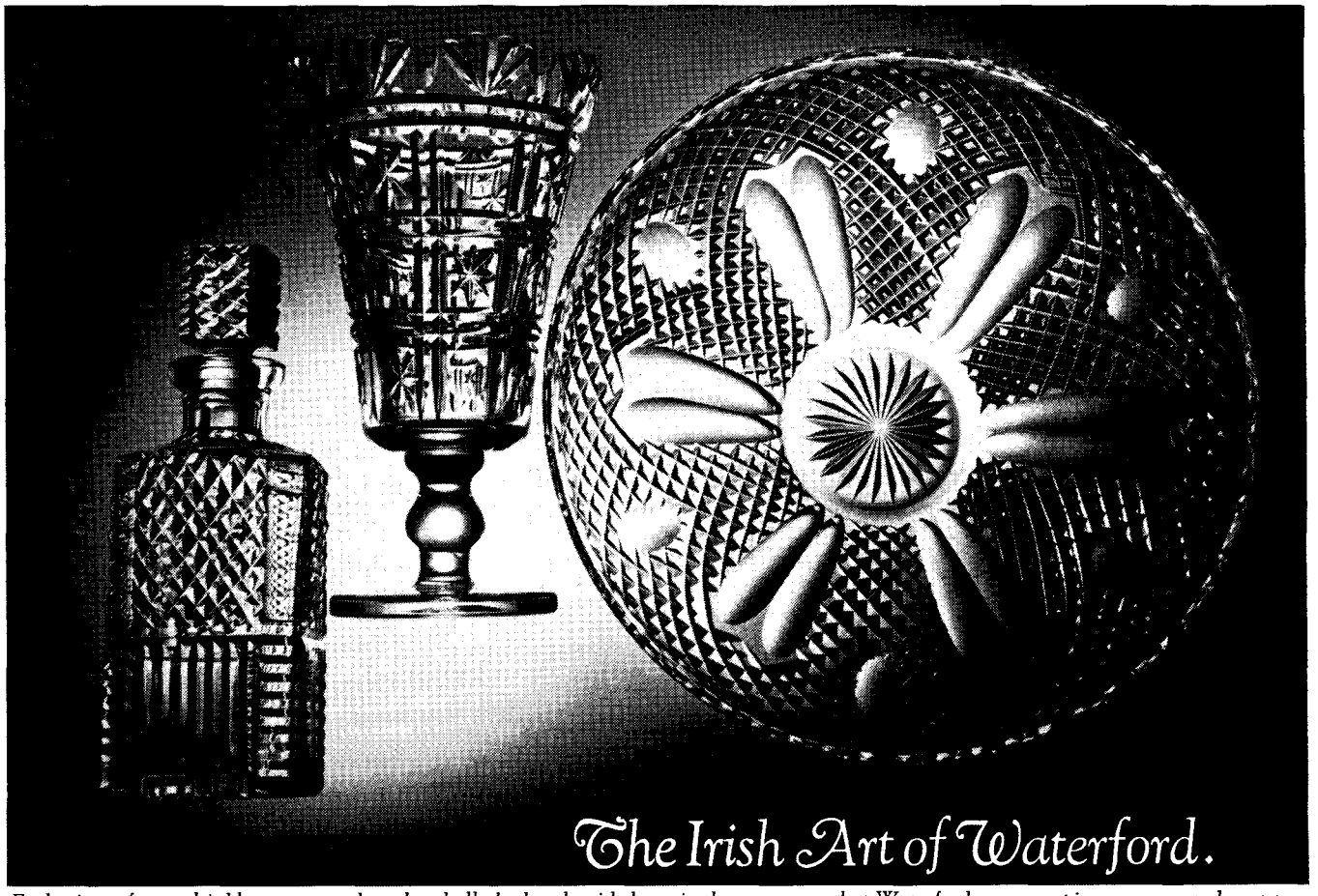
violence to the spirit, which must be ended. Youth must no longer be "prolonged by studying, so that young, energetic, and restless bodies are confined to chairs in lecture halls and libraries, memorizing facts, writing papers and cramming for exams. . . ." There must be no slavish devotion to a career, to a job where one does what the boss or the organization expects. One must be free to work or not as one pleases, to surf, or ski, or ride a motorcycle, or live in a commune, to enjoy sex when one wishes and with whom one wishes however one wishes. And one must be allowed mind-expanding, sense-accentuating drugs.

This is the life style of Consciousness III. Its freedom, its sensuousness, its power are all expressed, according to Reich, in the clothes and music of youth. The faded jeans, worn over and over until every body crease shows, bring out individuality, since different bodies have different shapes and creases. They also permit freedom: If one decides to stop work and go for a motorcycle ride one is prepared; the same blue jeans can serve all purposes. And the new music "expresses the whole range of the new generation's experiences and feelings." In its richness and variety and loudness, in its profanity and irreverence, and in its shared enjoyment by performers and audiences who are jointly and mutually stoned by drugs, it somehow exemplifies all that is natural, free, sensuous and alive—as "when Janis Joplin, a white girl, sang 'Ball and Chain' to a pulsing communal audience of middle-class young white people."

It is striking how pot and psychedelic drugs recur as a vital element of Consciousness III, bracketed with other things one might think could stand by themselves. Thus Reich writes: "If a Consciousness II person, old or young, is asked whether he wants to see a far-out film, try a new drug, or spend a week living in a nature-food commune, he feels uncomfortable and refuses. . . ." Reactions to such varied propositions would probably be quite different. But perhaps the essential unity in Reich's schema is that somehow everything depends on the rejection of reason, the systematic thought-processes that man has slowly and painfully acquired in his rise from the apes. "It might take a Consciousness II person twenty years of reading radical literature to 'know' that law is a tool of oppression: the young drug user just plain 'knows' it." One might expect that the drug user knows because he is "oppressed," but Reich insists that "All of the various efforts of the new generation to increase awareness [including the use of drugs] combine to produce a remarkable phenomenon: the Consciousness III person, no matter how young and inexperienced he may be, seems to possess an extraordinary 'new knowledge.'" The author ascribes this to "the repeal of pretense and absurdity." I wonder.

On the political level, Reich's attitude comprises a jumble of insights and suicidal impulses. He perceives the psychic injury suffered by blue-collar workers, which has made them prey to the George Wallaces of the land, but it is not clear that he comprehends the economic realities of their lives, both good and bad. He warns of the folly of guerrilla tactics that serve not to convert but to harden reaction and prejudice. But he finds that "Burning draft cards is an effective and pointed commentary on the war."

Yet Reich rejects "both the liberal and the SDS theories of how to bring about change in America." Even a successful liberal effort at mass organizing, politics and law "would end as the New Deal ended, with reforms that proved illusory," while radical "believers in class struggle would engage in a hopeless head-on fight against a



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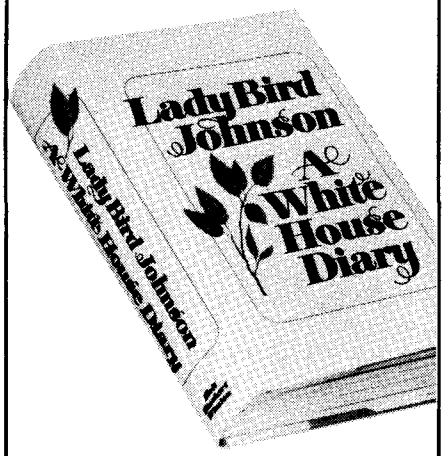
NATIONAL BESTSELLERS



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"This is the closest thing to *I Never Promised You a Rose Garden* which [she] wrote as Hannah Green." ***Kirkus Reviews.*** "A miracle of empathy, a tour de force of imaginative conjecture, and quite simply one of the best novels ever written about deaf people....Writers were invented to produce books like this."

*—**Christopher Lehmann-Haupt,** ***New York Times***

by the author of the best-selling *I NEVER PROMISED YOU A ROSE GARDEN*

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machine that could work for them instead. . . ." The solution, according to Reich, is a "revolution by consciousness." The spontaneity, the lack of discipline, the anarchy of Consciousness III youth can and will be spread through the entire population. As we all refuse to buy what we are told to buy, to work when and at what we are told to work, the whole corporate state with its acquisitiveness and repression will just wither away. It is that simple.

In elementary economics courses we sometimes take as our text the fallacy of composition: the incorrect deduction that what is true for individual parts is also true for the whole. It is all very well for the young sons and daughters of affluence to cop out of the competitive race. If they do it briefly, they can return to their places in the establishment, as distrustful blacks and hostile white hard-hats are aware. And even if they do it longer they will have sacrificed only themselves. But what if Reich's Consciousness III were to sweep the nation? What if everyone worked as he pleased and when he pleased? Who would make the blue jeans and the motorcycles and the sleeping bags and the electric guitars and the pills?

Reich may think he has an easy answer. We are, he says, producing too much now anyway. Free from the tyranny of the corporate state and its advertising, we could produce only to satisfy "real need." We would all "put great effort into any work that is worthwhile." And so Reich slips over the central issues of our society, and of any society. What are real needs? What work is worthwhile? What should be the mechanism for deciding, for choosing? The thoughtful members of Reich's Consciousness I have an answer, that in its ideal form has a logical consistency and a record of achievement, which, with all its imperfections, cannot properly be dismissed out of hand. A world of individual freedom, subject to the rules of competitive markets, can in many situations give us most of what we want and what we as individuals think we "really need." A kind of social optimum with desirable efficiency can indeed result if how much we each get depends in large part on how hard we work, on how we choose to allocate our time and effort.

If Reich better understood the meaning of a market economy he might better reconcile the contradictions and confusions in his mind between the "depersonalization" he identifies with the corporate state and the striving for freedom and equality. For, whatever the existing inequality before the law, the impersonality of markets can be equalizing and liberating. Business is business and a dollar is a dollar, as blacks have learned from successful bus boycotts and from their ability to buy what they wanted when they had the money, and as some victims of McCarthyism learned in the Fifties when they found that government blacklists did not prevent them from selling their talents to less political and more profit-minded employers.

Reich is apparently anxious to appear Marxist, but he has stood Marx on his head. Marx never called for "a community bound together by moral-esthetic standards such as prevailed before the Industrial Revolution." Rather, he paid eloquent tribute to capitalism's development of the "colossal productive forces" that had slumbered in the lap of social labor." The utopia of plenty for all would follow upon the

highest achievement of social labor and a scientifically based and guided technology, not upon the destruction of social labor and the abandonment of social rules and reason. And it would come by tackling not the superstructure of life-style but the organization and control of the means of production.

The author does reveal a certain inner logic to the "youth rebellion" which may have escaped those of us who are not part of it. And it would be easy to acquiesce in many of Reich's strictures against contemporary society. In the pleasant glow of communal joints—or in the light of old-fashioned drinks around the fireplace—we might excuse or pass over much of his rhetoric. Most of us, like Reich, loved Holden Caulfield, and take heart and sustenance from the vigor and freedom and searching of his successors almost a generation later. There is much in the world to question, much to change, much to construct. But there is illusion and an invitation to tragedy, hard to excuse in a mature adult, in Reich's counsel, that the answer is to be found by imitating Holden—or Janis Joplin.

Robert Eisner is professor of economics at Northwestern University and a member of the research staff of the National Bureau of Economic Research. He has written widely in areas of econometrics and economic theory and policy and has, most recently, contributed "The War and the Economy" to the volume "Why Are We Still in Vietnam?"

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MAXIMUM SECURITY WARD

by Ramon Guthrie

Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 160 pp., $7.50..

Reviewed by Louis Untermeyer

■ Although, in spite of the once influential New Critics, few readers believe that a poem should be considered purely as an esthetic object complete in itself, it is still a matter of debate whether a creative work should be, or even can be, divorced from its creator. Ramon Guthrie's *Maximum Security Ward* makes such a debate implausible if not impossible, for rarely have poetry and autobiography been so tightly intertwined.

Maximum Security Ward, a book-length poem composed of a series of interrelated sections or movements, is the evocation of one man's stubborn struggle against extinction. It is also a fusion of ancient myths and modern banalities, random recollections mixed with accounts of hospital routines, a blend of pain, fantasy, and free association that has the sweeping suggestiveness of *The Waste Land*, to which it will inevitably be compared.

As the title indicates, most of the poem was written while Guthrie was, as he thought, dying. Cancer of the bladder had been arrested by cobalt radiation, but the radiation treatment had been excessive, and Guthrie was slowly hemorrhaging to death. Fifty-seven blood transfusions were given until the blood flow became less frequent. The doctors gave him a few

FRASER YOUNG LITERARY CRYPT NO. 1427

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 1427 will be found in the next issue.

BOZW MCLTOTJT LCJ OL PCB-

FOLE ECCF MNDFT AIJ OL

KBNXOLE JPCTW XCI FC PCBF

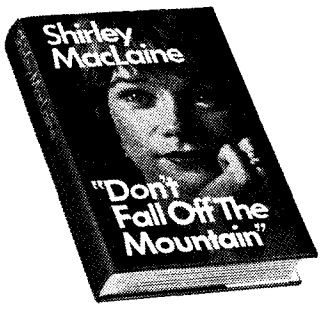
GWBB.

—AOBBOLET

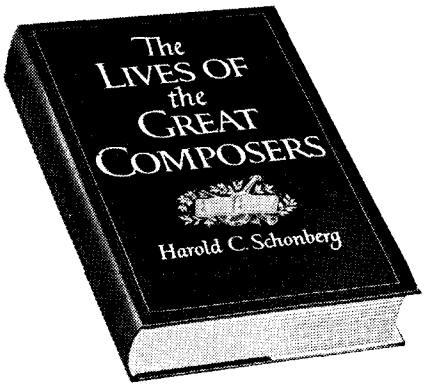
Answer to Literary Crypt No. 1426

Liberty means responsibility. That is why most men dread it.
—SHAW.

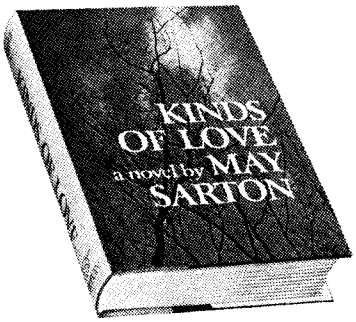
Norton



"A brave and charming book. She has not employed, and does not need, a ghost. Her opinions are sharp and pertinent." — *N.Y. Times.* $5.95



The Senior Music Critic of *The New York Times* traces the consecutive line of great composers, from Bach to Arnold Schoenberg. Illustrated. $10.00



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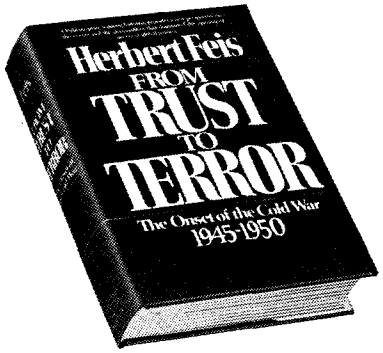

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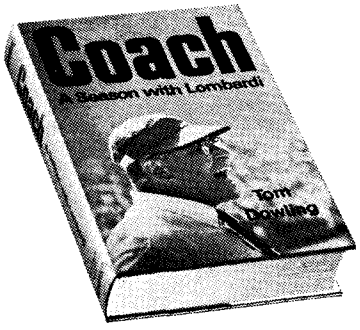
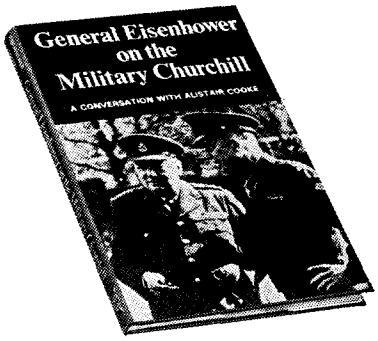


"A beaut," says *The Washington Post* about this book on Vince Lombardi. "Remarkably fair, well-balanced." — *Newsday.* Illustrated. $6.95



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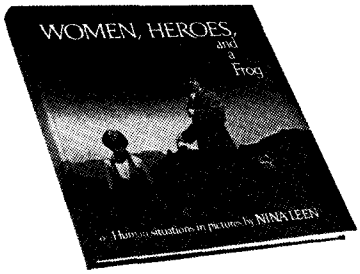
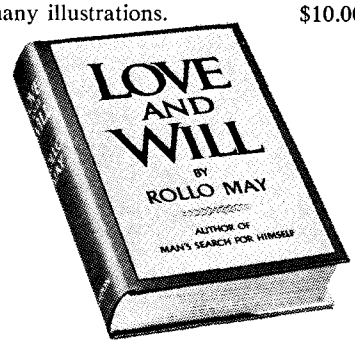


Human situations in "a rare, moving and witty combination of photographs and quotations."—CLEVELAND AMORY. Cloth, $4.95. Paper, $1.95



Over 131,000 copies of this "extraordinary book on sex and civilization . . . an important contribution" *(Newsweek)* are now in print. $7.95

AT ALL BOOKSTORES

Norton

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weeks to live. A month later he was home, although not strong enough to go to New York and receive an award from the National Institute of Arts and Letters, which Malcolm Cowley accepted for him.

The more than 3,000 lines of the poem sharply juxtapose agonies of the moment with a stream of atavistic memories. The hospital and the patients are "straight out of Jacques Callot and Hogarth." The shifting, kaleidoscopic sections build to a complex of all that Guthrie (and, inferentially, man) has experienced, suffered, and endured, everything that he has read, remembered, and transformed.

The central theme, the recurring leitmotif, is disaster and death. Self-identified with the defeated, the failures and outcasts, Guthrie is Merlin robbed of his magic and reduced to a scarecrow incarcerated in a "frantic bramble of glass and plastic tubes." He is Marsyas, the flute-playing poet who, daring to challenge Apollo, was flayed to death; and he is the rejected Ishmael, blood-brother to Marsyas. He is also Breughel's Icarus, portrayed more bitterly than in Auden's "Musée des Beaux Arts," as well as the Archangel Michael holding a blasphemous press conference that turns into a bloodthirsty revival meeting.

Running irregularly through the pages are fragments of a kind of litany to those who broke accepted patterns, who despised power, hated war, and whose hearts beat for liberty "to the rhythms of the seasons and the tides of day and night." As a wartime flyer —"death with pants on"—the poet cannot forgive "the race of napalm Santa Clauses":

> Sheep herded by glib lies that greed concocts,
> he-harpies safely out of sight and sound
> cheerily showering some thousand tons of bombs
> on the innocent, helpless to strike back,
> pointless despoilers and defilers of what
> might elsewise be a fairly pleasant world.

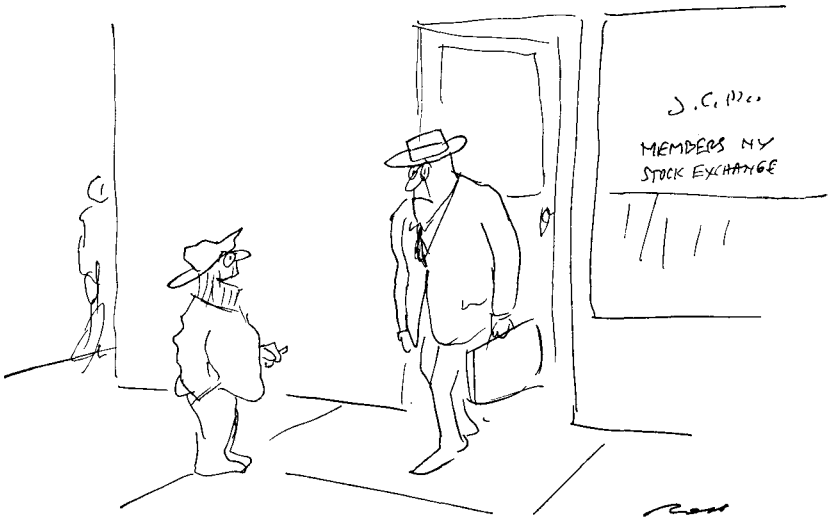
Against the disgust there is a crescendo of thanks for the "christoi," for Blake and Beethoven and Rembrandt and Giotto and Villon and El Greco and Einstein and Louise Michel and "Dr. W. C. Williams of Rutherford, N. J." —the vulnerable inspirers, "all the race of blundering doers and undoers."

Along with sporadic paeans of praise there are eruptive reminiscences: a sudden flash of companionship with those killed in No-Man's Land ("too young to think that we could ever die"); a glimpse of the Montparnasse of Joyce, Pound, and Giacometti contrasted with the beating-up in the Boul' Miche of a teen-aged boy because he was thought to be a "red"; an amusing diptych of Einstein and Mado, "wondrous little whore," as eccentric conversationalists; a pathetic hallucinatory tribute to the movie director Luis Buñuel, "Pan in priest's livery or archpriest in Pan's"; and a dedication to the demonstrators for peace who, though they have faith without hope or hope without faith, see no virtue in being gullible and are

> willing to die for what they knew
> their dying could not save.

Included are a few set pieces waiting to be anthologized, two of which have already been featured in *The Nation* and *The New Yorker*. The first is "Fiercer Than Evening Wolves," a poignant vignette of Guthrie's childhood in a shabby one-room home with a widowed, perpetually Bible-quoting mother—

> . . . the Lord God fared very well by Her,
> better than She did by him, by far.



"There, there—money isn't everything."

The second is "The Making of the Bear," in which the poet as prehistoric man, "swimming, crawling, working his way vertically up through darkness," paints the figure of a bear on the wall of an almost impenetrable cave.

> The stone was even-grained, would take flint clean,
> and yet not soft enough to flake with time.
> Pressing my back against the other wall
> to have full arm-room, I sketched him in—
> a bear as big as living. I worked fast,
> paused only when the need was to renew
> the wick and tallow. First I got the spine—
> that line where limberness and strength
> of any living beast is—cut firmly,
> the head scaled in and forelegs placed
> before the tallow failed.

The style of *Maximum Security Ward* varies as widely as its techniques. It is, by turns, tenderly lyrical, even sentimental, and blackly bitter, an amalgam of muffled horror and ribald humor. Provençal idioms nudge contemporary slang, and flaring images jostle a joke.

> Out of this coming sidewise slinking and
> sidling two steps forward and nine or ten
> backward for fear of getting a charge of rock-salt
> for a Peeping Tom . . . Gangway, lady! Gangway!
> I'm doing a via crucis.
> And she says, "B'jazes, it's the first time I ever seen
> anybody doing a Way of the Cross in a hospital johnny!"

There are, as might be expected in a work of such organized disorganization, gaps and failings. The suddenly interpolated multilingual free associations sometimes seem like jigsaw pieces that associate in the designer's mind but not in the design. The conjunction of the banal and the bewildering does not always achieve the expected effective shock. The section entitled "Anabasis" is a case in point. Another is "Apocalypse," in which the Colossus of Rhodes (there's a pun about "roads") strides through fairgrounds complete with a high school band, sack race, and striptease. But the accumulating strength and intensity of the poem sustain the lapses and carry the occasional overreaching excesses. A fascinating work, and one of major character, *Maximum Security Ward* is like nothing else in contemporary poetry.

Louis Untermeyer's latest book is "The Pursuit of Poetry."

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"I died three years before she was born."

"Before I passed out, I remember thinking, This is what it's like to die.' "

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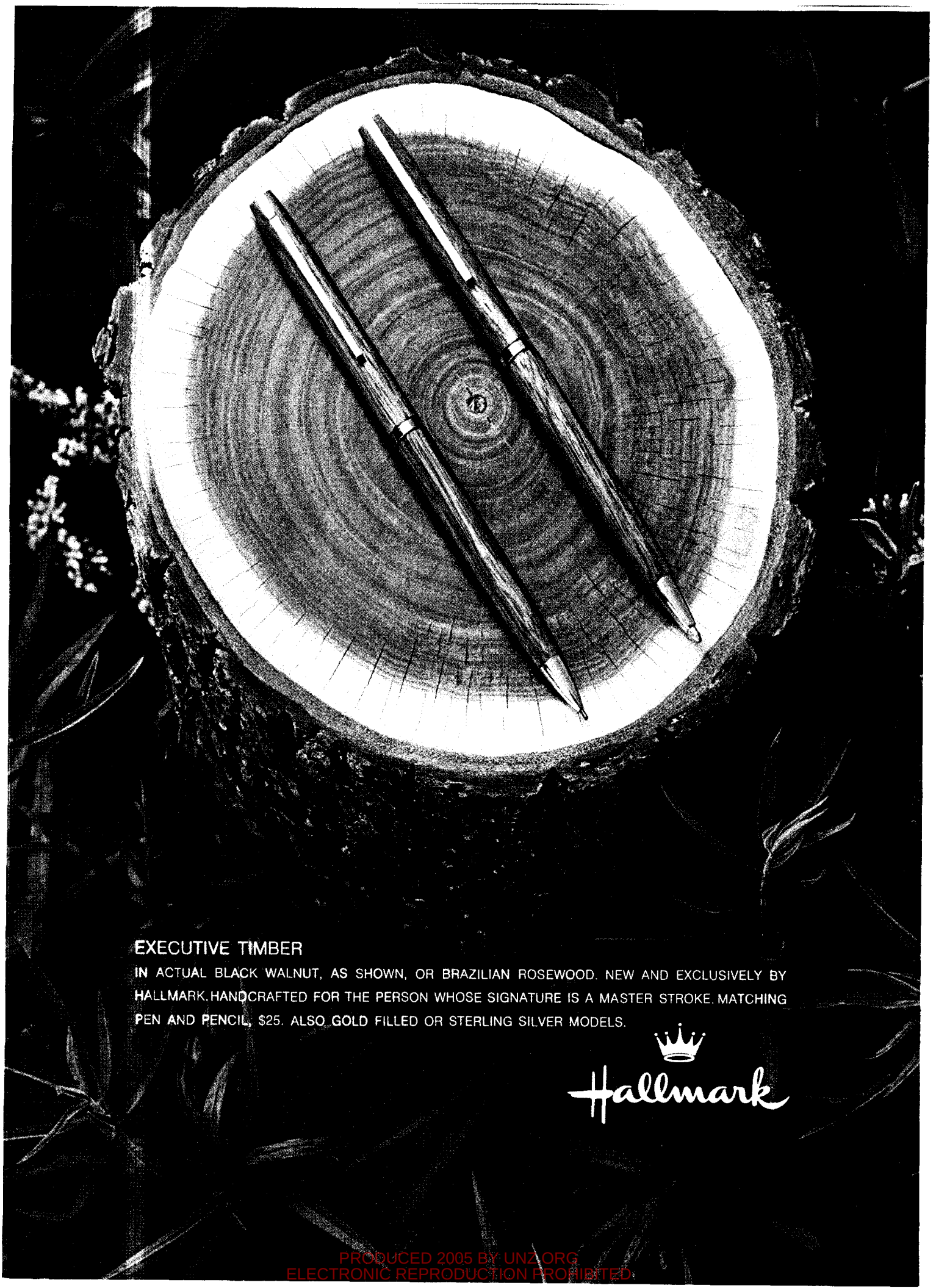
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LITTLE FOR CAREENAGERS

by Louis Zukofsky

Grossman, 177 pp., $5.95

Reviewed by William Heyen

■ In a 1968 interview Louis Zukofsky said he hoped that by the time he reached eighty he would write very simply, if he hadn't already shut up. He is nearing seventy now, and it is certainly true that his work, in general, has been considered obscure and that this fact has brought him relatively few readers. In certain underground quarters his reputation has always been strong, but books of criticism and anthologies of poetry continue to appear with nary a mention of the poet who began way back, who first received notice when Ezra Pound persuaded Harriet Monroe to let him edit the "Objectivists' " issue of *Poetry* in 1931.

It was Miss Monroe who insisted on a movement, replete with title; and it is probably true, if unfortunate, that the vague term "Objectivist" has done as much to obscure Zukofsky's work as has the work itself. The poet says that he only wanted "to say things simply so that they will affect us as new again"; he didn't want to define an elaborate esthetic. However, he would tell us, I think, that our expectations have to be adjusted, that meaning resides "Not in the say but in the sound's," as he writes in the seventh section of "A," his major poem.

In any case, *Little* is not a difficult book—or, rather, only as difficult as the reader will force it to be. It is an autobiographical novel, or proem, but whatever it is, it is a pleasure to read because of its story and because of Zukofsky's range of language and wit. The three main characters (Dala, Verchadet, and Little) are Zukofsy, his wife, and his son Paul. Little, as was Paul, is a violin prodigy, and *Little*, in which Zukofsky's main source of imagery, as in his poetry, is music, portrays the artist from childhood to young manhood.

But Dala-Zukofsky warns us not to make the biographical elements central: "I too have been charged with obscurity, tho it's a case of listeners wanting to know too much about me, more than the words say." At the same time, Zukofsky tells a story that is close to his heart and does not apologize for or blush about personal elements in the narrative. It is right, he believes, that art be rooted in the artist's life. "After all," Dala thought, "poems come as you live them."

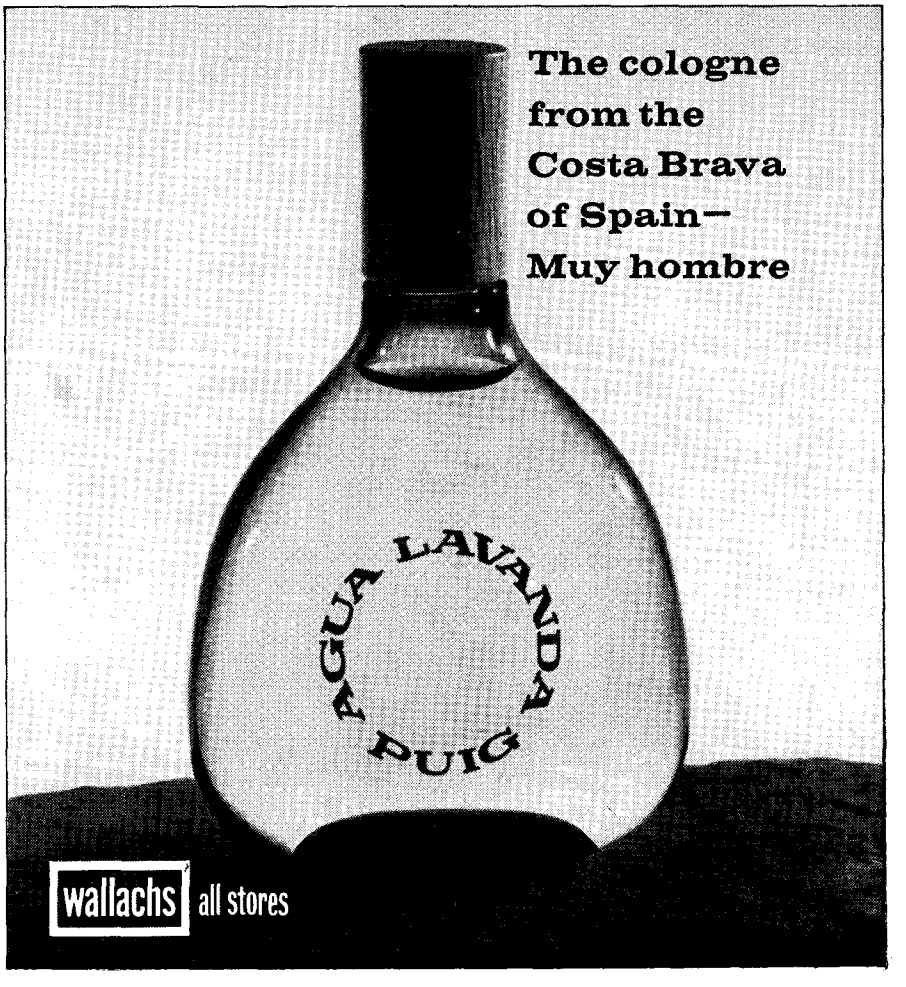
The author invests his title character with a compelling depth and maturity. The youth is at once frail, almost defenseless, and strong, brave, often acting as though his genius is not only intellectual but also emotional. As we watch Little's progress, following him from teacher to teacher (Mrs. Runnymeade, Sybil Greate, Mr. Athens Olympus, Betur, etc.), as we see Little and his parents attempt to make his talent shine in the world's eye and to cope with vanity, jealousy, and pettiness on all sides, we come to share Little's burden and the complex of feelings his parents have for their son and he for them.

In a sense we have two stories here. The outer one is the family's desire to have the true value of Little's ability recognized by the likes of Ztephiah Achsai, Nihunem, even the poets Narodnev and Hecsteud (try these backwards), who attend one of Little's first public performances. The inner and more important story revolves around the tenderness and love the three main characters display toward one another as various comic adversities drive them closer and closer together. There are several warm and moving scenes. At one point Verchadet asks Dala if he is listening to their son play his violin. "Dala pretending his eyelashes had misted his lenses wiped them—'Yes.' "

And *Little* has other dimensions, ones that communicate subliminally. In the twelfth section of "A," Zukofsky calls man "Little" (as opposed to "Great," which is the external world), and something inside us responds to the genius: to Thomas Chatterton or John Stuart Mill in real life, or to Buddy Glass or Little in art. Perhaps it is in such as they that we sense both our own potential and our ultimate limitation.

But even on a surface level, *Little*'s plot is intriguing, its details consistently enjoyable. Its puns, puzzles, and word games are genuinely funny and, since they usually occur within the minds and during the conversations of characters of heightened consciousness and sophistication, they do not seem artificially imposed. Because Dala, Little, and Verchadet are so ultra-intelligent I sometimes find myself lamenting my own dullness as I feel points and jokes going over my head—what, for example, does the "for careenagers" of the title mean?—but I always enjoy the book's sounds and its rhythms, and am anxious to proceed.

William Heyen teaches English at the State University of New York in Brockport.



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Just What Were You Referring To?

by DAVID M. GLIXON

Publishers of reference books seem to have been devoting a great deal of their effort to words and animals, to judge by what swam into our net this pre-Christmas season. Readers will find the key to these and the other categories in the box.

1) In an age when publishers have made it possible to present one's favorite bibliophile with the Book of Kells, the Gutenberg Bible, or the Kelmscott Chaucer—in facsimile, of course—it is only right that we should now be able to add facsimiles of Noah Webster's original dictionaries to our Christmas shopping list. **A Compendious Dictionary of the English Language** (Crown, 442 pp., $2.98), published in 1806, was the first groping attempt at compiling a lexicon intended to embody American vocabulary, spelling, and usage. In handy size, two columns to the page, it provided simple definitions—mostly one-liners and often consisting of synonyms alone—for some 38,000 words, with a primitive but effective pronouncing system and its part of speech indicated, though not the etymology.

It was in 1828 that Webster brought out the first edition of **An American Dictionary of the English Language.** The facsimile (Johnson, 1,928 pp., 2 vols., $39.95), which is an important landmark, looks like a mint copy of the original. Its 77,000 entries (about half the number in current collegiate dictionaries) greatly extended his assiduous coverage of Americanisms. In this large-format, three-column work Webster gave genuinely comprehensive definitions, recognized numerous senses for a given word, furnished a more sophisticated system of pronunciation, cited examples from genteel literature, and inserted lengthy etymologies (not hesitating to add Arabic to the Hebrew and Greek of Samuel Johnson's 1755 dictionary).

One of the best fruits of Webster's pioneering efforts was last year's **American Heritage Dictionary of the English Language,** which has now been abridged under the editorship of Peter Davies for paperback publication (Dell, 832 pp., 75¢). The 55,000 entries represent only a third of the parent's, but they retain the lucidity of its definitions. The famous usage notes are in evidence, as are an impressive quantity of thumbnail maps, and numerous photos as well as line drawings.

It was because of the diversity of opinion in the Usage Panel appointed to advise the *AHD* editors that Roy H. Copperud decided to compile **American Usage: The Consensus** (Van Nostrand, 300 pp., $8.95), a timesaver for which every word-monger should be grateful. Copperud has drawn on all the most reliable dictionaries and books of usage to discuss some 1,700 words, phrases, parts of speech, and even punctuation marks on which literate opinion varies.

Ever wonder how a town came to be called Newport News? Well, it was known around 1621 as New Port Newce, being the second town founded by the Newce brothers, and lost the original spelling through the imaginative but treacherous process of folk etymology. The Indian source of *Chicago* means "onion-place." Rhode Island got its name from the Aegean island of Rhodes. For his amazingly comprehensive **American Place Names** (Oxford, 590 pp., $12.50) George R. Stewart has tracked down the origins of more than 12,000 appellations given to our towns, states, and other geographic entities.

How the "Cook's tour" evolved from the temperance cause is amusingly related in **Why Did They Name It . . .?,** by Hannah Campbell (Ace, 210 pp., paperback, 95¢), along with the sources of seventy other brand names, from Drambuie to Scotch Tape, and not forgetting Noxzema and Heinz 57 Varieties.

Scholarly and bawdy, **Slang and Its Analogues** was an exhaustive, seven-volume dictionary of unorthodox language, compiled around the turn of the century by J. S. Farmer and W. E. Henley. It is now available in large-format facsimile (Arno, 408 pp., $17.95; paperback, $8.95). Old and current, British and American, these thousands of expressions—meticulously explained, enriched with dated quotations, often accompanied by long strings of equivalents in other languages—were gathered from every social stratum, every profession, every type of literature. A formal but entertaining monument to the informal.

Today's standard work on colloquial speech is, of course, Eric Partridge's **Dictionary of Slang and Unconventional English** (Macmillan, 1,542 pp., $18.50). For the seventh edition he has updated the supplement to include neologisms such as *freak-out* and *acid* (though not *grass*).

Such expressions as have been used characteristically or exclusively by blacks (see *Negro,* page 84) are defined in Clarence Major's **Dictionary of Afro-American Slang** (International, 127 pp., $5.95; paperback, $1.95), mostly one-line explanations for the more than 2,500 entries. For many usages

A key to the categories (some books for young people are included with adult titles): 1) Words, phrases, and usage. 2) Quotations and proverbs. 3) General information. 4) History and geography. 5) The animal kingdom. 6) The vegetable kingdom. 7) The earth and beyond. 8) Art. 9) Myth. 10) Literature, theater, cinema, music. 11) Bible and religion. 12) Wines.

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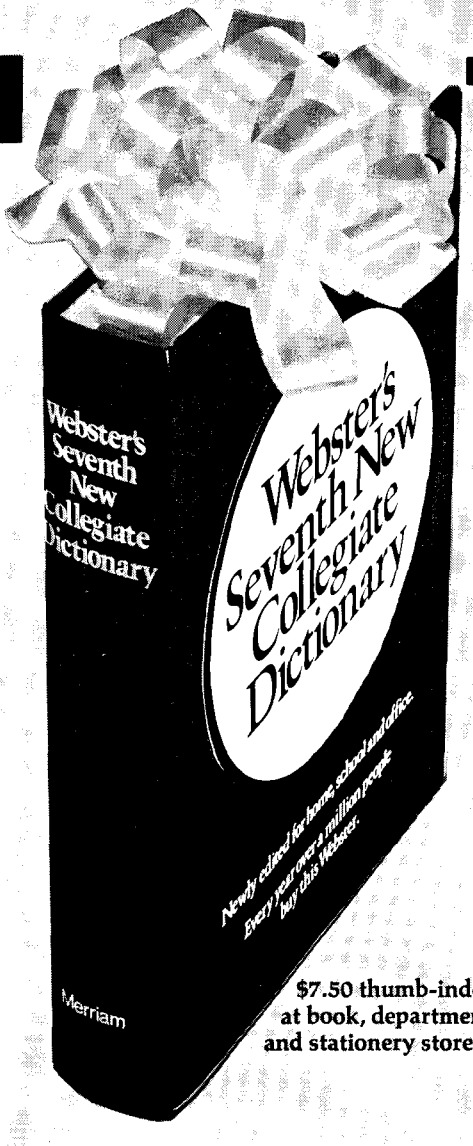
This Christmas give a Seventh instead of a fifth.



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the period of their biggest vogue is cited. Real-life and legendary characters are included in this handy guide to emergent vocalisms.

For the first stage after the abecedarian, we recommend (except for the title) **My Pictionary,** by W. Cabell Greet, Marian Monroe, and Andrew Schiller (Lothrop, 95 pp., $3.95). Full-color thumbnail illustrations of 500 well-chosen objects are identified by one-word labels and arranged in groups—people, animals, "What We Do," "Storybook Characters," colors, etc. If the work has any fault it is the probably unavoidable one of scale, the chief corrective of which would be the illustrations in actual storybooks. For the six-to-eight-year-olds, William A. Jenkins has joined Messrs. Greet and Schiller to produce **My First Picture Dictionary** (Lothrop, 192 pp., $5.50). About 800 words are similarly grouped and illustrated, but here each is accompanied by examples of its use in a sentence. Both books are indexed, and have colored spots in the margin to help locate the desired section.

The same trio, who last year brought out *In Other Words: A Beginning Thesaurus* (*SR,* May 17, 1969), have come up with its successor, the **Junior Thesaurus** (Lothrop, 448 pp., $5.95). For ages eleven up, it takes 300 common words and shows the user how to enrich his vocabulary with more than 2,000 more specific or more effective substitutes. Synonyms are distinguished by many vivid examples; antonyms abound, and dozens of words are the subjects of extended lively explanations of their various meanings. As in the other three books just mentioned, the people in the illustrations are not all pink-skinned.

A helpful tool for those learning English as a second language is **The New Horizon Ladder Dictionary,** by John R. and Janet Shaw (Signet, 704 pp., paperback, 75¢), developed for USIA use abroad and based on the agency's list of 5,000 words. Each word is given a number indicating to which of five frequency levels it belongs. Sentences demonstrating the various meanings follow the simple definitions, often supplemented by drawings. Don't take too seriously the phrase "For Young Readers" printed on the cover; the words were not chosen for that purpose, and the phonetic system is unsuited to native speakers of English.

2) Seekers of "proper words in proper places" (Swift) for use on the proper occasions will find 16,000 such arrangements by 1,400 writers in **The International Thesaurus of Quotations,** compiled by Rhoda Thomas Tripp (Crowell, 1,090 pp., $8.95). This is Roget with a significant difference: sentences instead of words. The arrangement is alphabetical by idea-category, from Ability to Zen. In text headings, as well as in the index, the thousand-odd categories are accompanied by extensive cross-references, giving the subject index a total of more than 12,000 entries. This is supplemented by a 300-page key-word index similar to the detailed ones in standard compilations, and by a full index to the authors and sources. Since more than a third of the quotations are from twentieth-century sources, and since older writers in other languages are often represented in recent translations and by material chosen for its usefulness to writers and speakers today, the big new treasury is as fresh as it is unique. It is typical that, in addition to those in the general Racial Prejudice category, relevant quotations can be found under Minorities, Whites, and Blacks, and that the seventeen quotations under Blacks are from James Baldwin, Le Roi Jones, Michael Harrington, and others of their stature.

3) Not all the encyclopedias sold in the supermarket are exactly as advertised—which doesn't necessarily mean they aren't good buys. Among the worthwhile bargains is the 1970 edition of **Funk & Wagnalls Standard Reference Encyclopedia** (Standard Reference Library, 9,540 pp., 25 vols., $45). This "American Presidents Edition" is similar in content to but different in format from *The New Universal Standard Encyclopedia,* which was reviewed in *SR* November 16, 1968. It has, of course, been updated, though by no means consistently. The set now boasts such improvements as tinted illustrations, whiter paper, and full-color portraits—with extended revised biographies—of the Presidents. From adults down to junior high school pupils, the family should find this a justifiable acquisition pending the purchase of one of the more comprehensive sets.

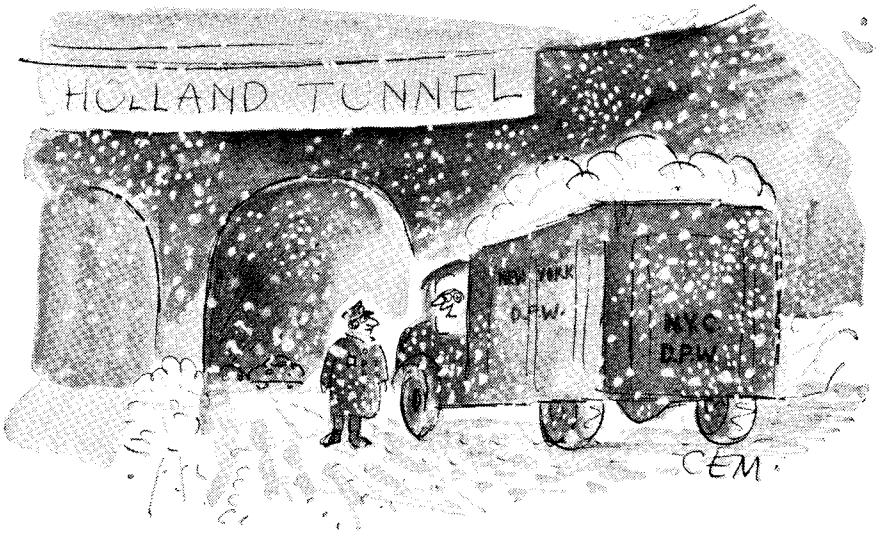
Whatever you may know about *Hutchinson's New Twentieth Century Encyclopedia,* edited by E. M. Horsley, you may now apply to its "eighth fully revised and reset edition," renamed **The McKay One-Volume International Encyclopedia** (McKay, 1,138 pp., $12.95). Crisply printed and extensively illustrated, its very short articles cover a vast array of material, mostly up to date, and continue to cater largely to British readership.

For ages four to ten, R. J. Unstead's **My World: A First Picture Encyclopedia** (Herder & Herder, 190 pp., $6.95) is a large-format, attractive introduction to the pleasures of "looking it up" or just plain browsing. Children of, say, seven to ten, and their parents, can consult the thirty-page alphabetical section for writeups of the objects vividly pictured and more briefly described in the picture-text itself. The latter is arranged in six groupings, including "What Men Make" (television, mining, houses, ships, etc.), "Fruit, Flowers, and Food," and "Getting to Know Animals." Most of each page is taken up by a brilliant illustration, as artistic in over-all composition as it is in exquisite (and sometimes amusing) detail. A decidedly commendable juvenile.

4) For the **Harper Encyclopedia of the Modern World** (Harper & Row, 1,302 pp., $14.95) editors Richard B. Morris and Graham W. Irwin bit off a considerable hunk of the past, but it proved too much for them to chew comfortably. They seem to have tried to improve on Langer's *Encyclopedia of World History* (*SR,* Nov. 16, 1968) by adding a nonpolitical section—religion, philosophy, literature, art, entertainment, etc. Since this was allotted only the concluding 15 per cent of the text, its material is too thin to be of much value. Nevertheless, the main historical coverage of all world areas during the past 200 years, broken down into assimilable morsels, constitutes a remarkably detailed sequence of highlights and overtones, readable as narrative and equipped with boldface headings and topic phrases to make the book easy to consult.

Whereas the *HEMW* could assign only three columns to the American colonies in 1776, with only a dozen lines for the Battle of Long Island, Mr. Morris was able to give that crucial year nine columns—and the Battle of Long Island forty lines plus a half-page map—in his more specialized but quite similar **Encyclopedia of American History** (Harper & Row, 896 pp., $12.50). In the new revised fourth edition a thirty-two-page insert carries the story on from 1965 into 1969.

The Battle of Long Island again rates only a dozen lines in **The Encyclopedia of Military History** (Harper & Row, 1,418 pp., $20), edited by R. Ernest Dupuy and Trevor N. Dupuy. This far-ranging survey starts with a few generalities about the Bronze Age, an outline of Egyptian history from 3100 B.C., the first recorded battle (Megiddo, in 1469 B.C.), and comes to an uneasy end with the ferments of 1965 in



"I dump it, then come back for another load. So far Jersey hasn't caught on."

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Southeast Asia, Africa, and once again the Middle East. However, embracing as it does the causes of wars as well as the battles, comments as well as facts, and broad conclusions as well as economic and casualty statistics, the book provides a valuable record of humanity's destructive accomplishments. Besides the general index, there are special dated indexes to wars and battles, and more than 250 maps and illustrations.

The fourteenth and final volume of **The New Cambridge Modern History**, whose principal scope is the Western world from the Renaissance to the end of World War II, is the **Atlas** (Cambridge, 325 pp., $27.50), edited by H. C. Darby and H. Fullard. A dozen global maps supply a rapid overview of political stages from 1500 to 1968, after which the detailed maps reflect their special subject matter, whether it be the conquest of Peru, the streets of Paris in 1789, the growth of the Venetian Republic, or U.S. Presidential elections. Many aspects of each area are clearly indicated by flat coloring, shading, cross-hatching, or route lines; place labels include the dates of historical episodes.

The march of events from ancient times to today can be traced in its broader outlines in the 108 vividly colored maps—generally full-page (4½" x 7½")—of the **Historical Atlas of the World** (Barnes & Noble, unpaged, $4.50; paperback, $2.95). A plan of the pyramid area of Giza, the *partes tres* of Gaul, the routes of the Crusaders, and the conquests of the Axis powers are some of the high spots.

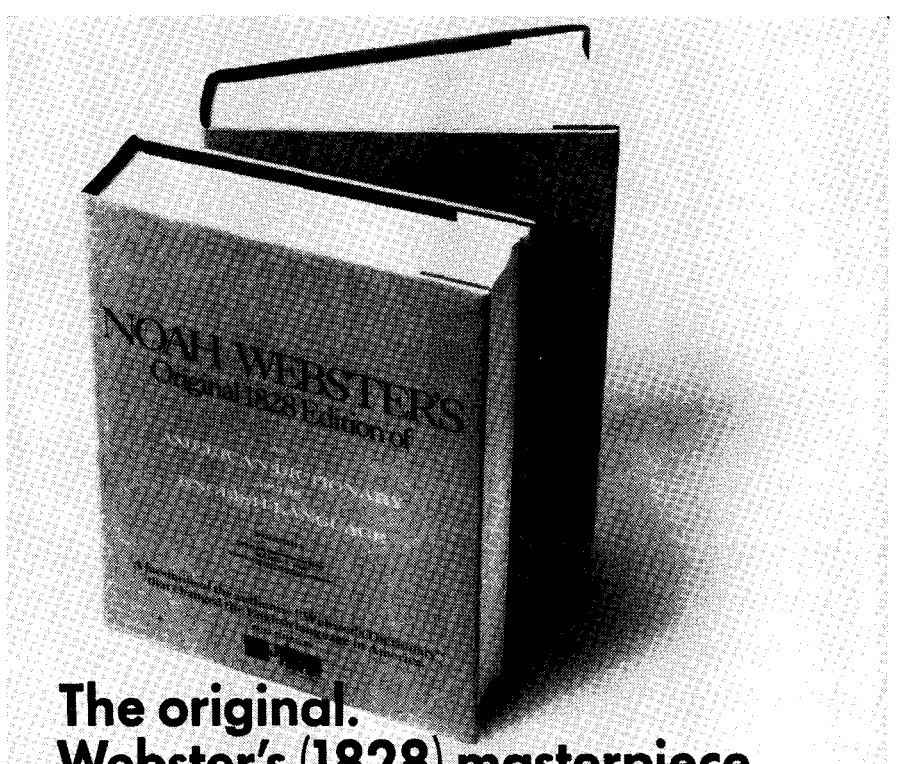
For the world picture as of January 1, 1970, discussed country by independent country from Afghanistan to Zambia, a useful volume is the **Political Handbook and Atlas of the World, 1970,** edited by Richard P. Stebbins and Alba Amoia (Simon & Schuster, 600 pp., $19.95). Territories are treated briefly at the end of the article on the parent country. Status, statistics, executives, geography, history, and government are presented in the oversize two-column text, which has been considerably enlarged and revised for the current edition, and graphically backed up by forty-eight pages of four-color Hammond maps.

For the two largest continents, see **Asia Handbook** (Penguin, 735 pp., paperback, $2.95), in which Guy Wint has assembled factual articles (up to January 1969) on all countries except the Arab lands, general essays on religions, politics, and economy, and twenty-three outline maps; and **All Africa** (Hastings, 832 pp., $30), by Elisa Daggs, who presents historical background, recent events, and present conditions (through the end of 1969) for fifty nations and territories. The latter is informally written and lavishly illustrated with photos, drawings, and maps.

5) Its horizontal neck took up more than half the length of the thirteen-foot, lizard-like *Tanystropheus*. The fishing cat of southern Asia has never been seen catching or eating fish. Any further details you will have to extract from two of the new Grosset All-Color Guides, **Prehistoric Animals**, by Barry Cox, and **Wild Cats**, by Michael Boorer (Grosset & Dunlap, 160 pp., $3.95 each). The former, besides reconstructing the appearance, behavior, and family tree of creatures never beheld by man, sets the scene with an account of evolution and fossil discoveries. The other describes every species of cat, with its habits and habitat, and also explains basic Linnaean classification. The series is well organized and generously illustrated with paintings.

You see that skunk with the white band across its forehead? There, but for the initial letter, goes a gorilla. The zorilla is one of the smaller animals among the hundreds in Jean Dorst's **Field Guide to the Larger Mammals of Africa** (Houghton Mifflin, 331 pp., $8.50). Every species is illustrated with a small painting so clear that even a greenhorn could tell a putty-nosed monkey from a tufted oryx, especially if he consults the text for minutely described points of identification. We must inquire whether one of our leading music critics isn't a sassaby: "Its call," says the author, "is a snort."

If your bag is lizards, snakes, and frogs, a most satisfactory identifier, complete for all fifty states, is **The New Field Book of Reptiles and Amphibians**, by Doris M. Cochran and Coleman J. Goin (Putnam, 380 pp., $5.95), which also covers salamanders, crocodiles, and turtles. For turtles alone, more than 100 species are described, accompanied by twenty-four photos, thirteen in color), anatomical dia-



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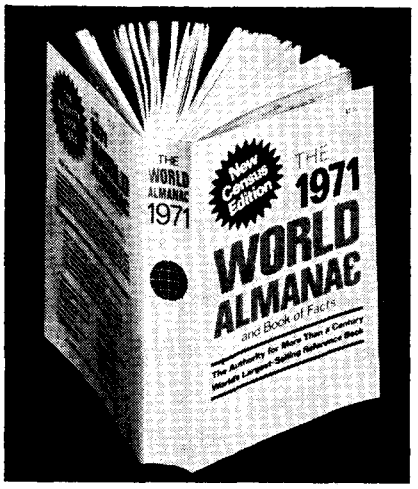

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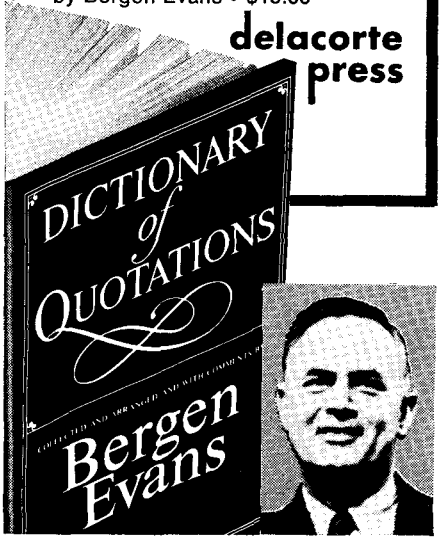

grams, and a glossary. It takes 100 pages to treat the seven snake families in similar fashion. If you can go along with the idea that the Great Plains Toad is a beautiful creature, and that the little Green Snakes are charming and lovely, this book is for you.

Many of these species—plus penguins, pelicans, and puffins—are to be found in the popularly written (though scientifically arranged) **New York Aquarium Book of the Water World** (American Heritage, 287 pp., $6.95; paperback, $2.95), by curator William Bridges. He tells of the croakers that make themselves heard above the sea surface from a depth of sixty feet; of the narwhal, whose tusk is always twisted left to right; of the upside-down jellyfish, and of hundreds of other aquatic animals. Nearly 250 illustrations, half in color, add their visual appeal to the authoritative text.

The Rocky Shore, by John M. Kingsbury (Chatham, 77 pp., $4.95), is a modest but pleasant field guide to the creatures and plant life that a sharp eye can discern along the coast of Maine. There are delicately detailed pencil drawings to aid the amateur. And for strollers along any seashore, there's Sonia B. Murray's **Shell Life and Shell Collecting** (Sterling, 96 pp., $4.95). Mollusks are almost as good to read about as to eat, and the collector can learn much from the chapters on their life processes and man's connection with them; but for identifications he will turn to the monochrome photos in the text and the series of sixty-four color photos.

To get off the ground and out of the water, the only recourse is to take to the air with the natural flying machines of Leonard Rue III's **Pictorial Guide to the Birds of North America** (Crowell, 384 pp., $12.50). Of the two million species of birds estimated to have evolved since the archeopteryx, only about 8,600 species have survived, and just 645 on our continent. Mr. Rue chose for discussion eighty-two species familiar to him from long observation; they are either "so common everyone knows something about them, or so rare that most people know nothing about them," and they range from the Arctic to Panama. Each little essay is companioned, for spotting purposes, by quick-reference notes, a photo, and a silhouette drawing.

Newest of the publications of J. L. Lansdowne's exquisite avian paintings is **Birds of the Eastern Forest: 2** (Houghton Mifflin, 262 pp., $20), with text by John A. Livingston. Depicted here in sixty 9½" x 13" plates are mostly the warblers, larks, and other small and inconspicuous denizens of the trees, each perched on its favored branch or stump. As in the two earlier volumes (one was *Birds of the Northern Forest*), the descriptive notes are printed opposite the plate and preceded by a page of the artist's preliminary and revealing pencil sketches. This is without a doubt the twentieth century's Audubon.

The late E. Thomas Gilliard studied the most spectacular species of all; New Guinea is the setting for his **Birds of Paradise and Bower Birds** (Natural History Press, 535 pp., $20). The former are noteworthy for their coloration; both are notorious for their premarital sex habits. Here are extensive biographies of the forty-two varieties of birds of paradise and of the eighteen kinds of bower birds. Forty photos (some in color) and numerous thumbnail pictures confirm the author's diverting scientific vignettes of these exotics.

In Richard Headstrom's **Complete Field Guide to Nests in the United States** (Washburn, 482 pp., $10) birds' nests are only half the story. That woven grass baseball with a half-inch hole in it is the home of a meadow jumping mouse, and in a tree cavity lined with moss and leaves there could be a marten raising a family. Headstrom also helps the nature-lover to find and identify the nests of many insects, fishes, reptiles, and amphibians. The arrangement for each group is primarily according to location, with several series of subdivisions. The seventy-five photos and diagrams are representative rather than complete.

Few things in nature are so beautiful or have such incredible biographies as the winged insects gorgeously pictured and concisely described in the revised edition of Alfred Werner and Joseph Bijok's **Butterflies and Moths,** edited by Norman Riley (Viking, 138 pp., $14.95). With the thirty-six color photos added to the thirty-nine plates picturing 200 specimens in life size, and likewise in natural color—all looking real enough to fly right off the page—the revised edition is an even more lustrous gem than its predecessor.

6) Brian D. Morley has selected, out of an estimated quarter-million, a thousand interesting species from every region of the earth for presentation in his uniquely comprehensive **Wild Flowers of the World** (Putnam, 432 pp., $15), with paintings by Barbara Everard. The artist shows anywhere from one to a half-dozen species on a large plate, and for each depicts in convincing colors the bloom and one or more of its various parts and stages of growth. The facing page carries the botanical data and in many instances an account of the plant's discovery. All are indexed under both common and botanic names.

In earlier volumes of the monumental **Wild Flowers of the United States** Harold William Rickett combed the northeastern and southeastern sections of the country and the state of Texas. New Mexico, Arizona, and the southern quarter of California form the happy hunting ground for Volume IV, **The Southwestern States** (McGraw-Hill, 3 parts, 823 pp., $52.50), with locales ranging from 12,000-foot peaks to the floor of Death Valley. As before, the aim is to give the amateur the utmost help in identifying wild flowers, utilizing every possible shortcut, and providing nearly 2,000 brilliant color photographs of plants in their natural setting. For this volume the number of species runs to 3,000. The problem is that since these are not field guides, and since they are priced high (though hardly above their value), the average amateur will have to take his specimens to a library fortunate enough to own the set.

Some 300 flowers are the subject of the second half of William C. Grimm's **Home Guide to Trees, Shrubs, and Wild Flowers** (Stackpole, 320 pp., $9.95), which is also

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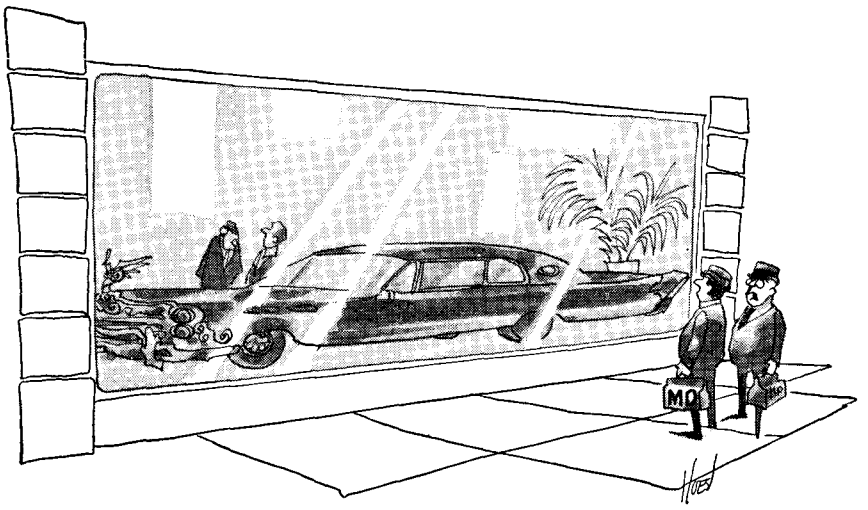


"I'm afraid it would ruin my image as a humble servant to mankind."

designed for the layman. The arrangement here (as for the 300 trees and shrubs of Part 1) is by habitat—woodlands, fields, wet places—as well as by season and area, limited to the east of the Mississippi. Meticulously detailed black-and-white drawings and clear, concise descriptions lighten the enjoyable task of identification.

Just how do all the plant varieties come into being, develop, and propagate their kind? What are their visible and unseen parts? What is the basis of their classification? How do structures as soft as rhubarb and fungi push their way up through substances as hard as concrete? The readable prose, tasteful paintings, and detailed index of **The Plant Kingdom,** by Ian Tribe (Grosset & Dunlap, 160 pp., $3.95), clarify it all—from the viruses and algae to the orchid and the redwood—and in language that should only rarely be difficult for readers of high-school age and up.

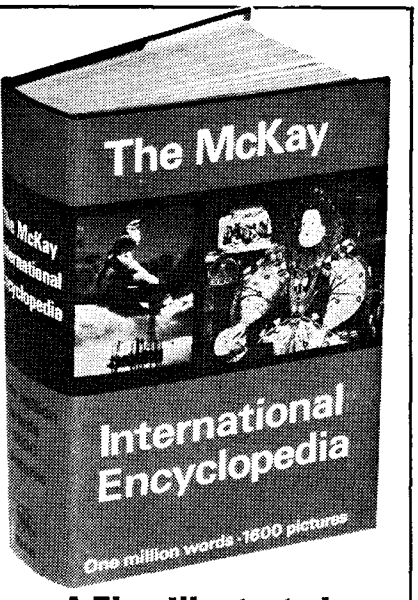
Bibliophiles, Biblicists, and amateur botanists will go for Louis Untermeyer's text and Anne Dowden's paintings in the tiny (4½" x 6½") **Plants of the Bible** (Golden, 26 pp., $1.95). "Flowers of the Field," "A Garden of Herbs," "Fruits of the Land," "Plants for the Temple" are some of the sections. Each of the plants is listed with its botanical name, the Biblical passage in which it occurs, and often an engaging comment. It's the second most charming stocking-filler we can think of for this Christmas.

7) The Atlas of the Universe, by Patrick Moore (Rand McNally, 272 pp., $29.95), might more accurately—if less dramatically and succinctly—be called "a Technicolor encyclopedia of astronomical research, including a space-eye view of the earth." Imaginative in conception and spectacular in execution, its 10½" x 14½" pages made possible so great a variety of column widths, type sizes, and illustration dimensions that text, charts, tables, diagrams, and extended captions could all be accommodated economically and attractively, thereby permitting the presentation of an extraordinary quantity of reliable information. The four most important sections are the Atlas of the Earth from Space, which views terrestrial areas via space-photography, affords photographic evidence of life on earth, and expounds geology and evolution; the Atlas of the Moon, with double-spread maps of her eight divisions and many close-up photos; the Atlas of the Solar System, with close-up views of Mars and with photos and diagrams of the other planets, the asteroids, and the sun; and the Atlas of the Stars, which, besides providing handsome versions of conventional sky charts, studies the known and the guessed-at reaches of the universe—its galaxies, nebulae, quasars, and other arcana. Ancillary chapters review the course of space exploration, catalogue the stars, and guide the beginner through the heavens. The dictionary of terms and the 10,000-entry index unlock an opulent treasury of man's suddenly accelerated knowledge of the universe. A magnificent bookmaking achievement.

Some of the same broad field is treated, though far more modestly, in **Earth and Space** (Hammond, 192 pp., $9.95). Space gets short shrift, though; the maps and dynamic drawings (all in color) and the detailed but simply written text are concerned with the structure and phenomena of the earth, its natural resources, the oceans and their potentialities, and the complexities of meteorology.

The Times Atlas of the Moon (New York Times, 137 pp., $25) is indispensable for those planning a trip to any of the fifty-five regions of the near side. The two-page 21½" x 13" maps are on a generous scale of twenty miles per inch, complete with relief shading, brightness coloring, and labeled symbols for craters, rilles, and other surface features—all indexed by latitude and longitude. We urge caution when visiting the far side, for which only three small-scale maps could be furnished. In either case, before blasting off it is advisable to study the illustrated prefatory chapters on lunar flight, mapping, and points of special interest to tourists. Don't forget your camera and oxygen supply.

8) We turn from God's direct creations—whether by the big-bang or the constant-renewal method—to those of Homo sapiens. The static visual arts are comprehensively surveyed from Alvar Aalto to Francisco Zurbarán in **The Oxford Companion to Art,** edited by Harold Osborne



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(Oxford, 1,285 pp., $25). Besides its hundreds of biographies, the 3,000 entries are informative on theories, principles, techniques, and media; museums, movements, and materials; the arts of nations, regions, and religious groups; themes (Adam and Eve, the prophets, the Virgin), with lists of the best-known examples. Outstanding in both scope and detail, the one-volume cyclopedia is further enhanced by copious black-and-white illustrations.

The plan of an Aalto-designed sanitarium is one of the 200 drawings—not to mention the 300 photographs—in Fritz Baumgart's **History of Architectural Styles** (Praeger, 304 pp., $12), through which flow the historical periods from that of Egypt to that of Habitat. A brief statement of an era's general characteristics precedes the account of its development in each region and the works of its chief architects, critically interpreted.

American Prints in the Library of Congress, compiled by Karen F. Bell (Johns Hopkins, 588 pp., $35), lists 12,000 prints alphabetically by the names of 1,250 artists from colonial times to Baskin, and is illustrated with more than 1,600 reproductions from thumbnail size to full-page. "Who's who" data on the artist (who may be of any nationality provided he worked in the U.S.) precede the brief print descriptions. There are two subject-indexes: places and people.

9) N. G. L. Hammond and H. H. Scullard have brought out a second edition, revised and augmented, of **The Oxford Classical Dictionary** (Oxford, 1,198 pp., $26), the eminent scholarly compendium of every aspect of Greek and Roman life. Although it emphasizes the biographical and literary, and devotes longer articles to broad subjects, the dictionary can be consulted on ancient cults and religious practices, on myths and legendary characters, on towns and geographical features, on politics and historical events, on musical instruments and art forms, on pets and papyrology.

Concentrating on a much smaller field, **Crowell's Handbook of Classical Mythology,** by Edward Tripp (Crowell, 631 pp., $10), is able to devote more space to the ancient legends in a more leisurely style. The A-Z entries even include some myths you can't find in the *Oxford* (*e.g.*, the two nonhistorical Cleopatras), and all authentic sources are mentioned. Additional helps are the maps, genealogies, and pronouncing index with both Roman and Greek forms.

Bergen Evans, too, has compiled a modest **Dictionary of Mythology** (Centennial, 308 pp., $6.95). Though his entries are fewer and shorter than those in the *Oxford* and *Crowell's,* they admit important elements of Egyptian, Norse, and Arthurian legendry. In his genial, literary way, Evans would rather (*à la* Bulfinch) quote fourteen lines from Milton to account for Euphrosyne's parentage, or trace *My Fair Lady* back to Pygmalion, or allude to Medea as an early militant feminist, than expand by a dozen more gods and mortals his personal choice of subjects for this attractive but inadequate dictionary.

10) Homer's dactylic hexameters, as well as the Alexandrines and heroic couplets of later epic poetry, are defined in the new enlarged edition of Joseph T. Shipley's **Dictionary of World Literary Terms** (The Writer, 466 pp., $12.95), and so are the Indian *rupaka* metaphor, the Provençal *saber* (poetic skill), and medieval French *fatrasie* verse. All times and places are drawn on for the entries, which explain in understandable language the principles, forms, and types of every literary genre, the accepted as well as the unfashionable. Never again will you need to wonder how many *englynion* with the same rhyme are required for the *gosteg* of an *awdl, or* when they constitute a *cadwyn.*

Percy A. Scholes's **Concise Oxford Dictionary of Music,** whose 3,500 entries deal with practitioners and their productions as well as with forms, terms, and principles, excels in the sheer number of compositions identified. Illustrations of musical phrases and instruments are an added attraction; a disadvantage is the lack of pronunciations. First published in 1952, the *CODM* was revised in 1964 by John O. Ward for the second edition (*SR,* March 20, 1965), and has just been made available in cheaper format (Oxford, 696 pp., paperback, $2.95).

Modern World Theatre (Ungar, 514 pp., $12.50) surveys nearly 600 plays first produced here and in Europe since World War II. In articles presented alphabetically by author, Siegfried Kienzle summarizes the plays and assesses their import as well as their relation to contemporary currents and the work of other dramatists. Besides the clever analyses of American, British, and French plays, the book affords valuable glimpses into the theaters of Central and Eastern Europe and especially of Germany.

2001: A Space Odyssey is the latest film to rate an entry in the expanded edition of **The Filmgoer's Companion,** by Leslie Hallowell (Hill & Wang, 1,072 pp., $15). Film titles, performers, producers, themes, and technical terms are among the 6,000 short articles in this alphabetical guide to all films—including the silents—that the compiler considers of any significance.

In **Films in America, 1929-1969** (Golden, 379 pp., $9.95) Martin Quigley, Jr., and Richard Gertner limit themselves to 400 talkies, and give them worthwhile attention. Plots are summarized in a paragraph or less; most of the time the authors chat pleasantly about the principals, the production, its success, and its particular achievement. The films are discussed in successive annual clusters, and there's a small photo to remind you of each movie, from *Rio Rita* and *Coquette* to *Goodbye, Columbus* and *Z.*

11) The New Westminster Dictionary of the Bible (Westminster, 1,064 pp., $10.95) is important for numerous reasons, not the least being the widely accepted authority of the earlier work on which it is based. In editing the new version Henry Snyder Gehman has been able to incorporate the results of his own studies and of recent archeological findings. Long articles on Qumran and on the Dead Sea Scrolls were obligatory, but the manuscripts from the caves are also reflected in entries on baptism, the Psalms, the Messiah, the Essenes, and other topics. The prevailing ob-

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jectivity is evident in such points as the distinction—in outlines of Old Testament books—between their authors' presumed intentions and the Christian interpretation. In a work with more than 5,000 entries, small errors were bound to crop up, as in the explanation of *tittle*, where wrong characters are printed for three of the six Hebrew examples. The text is augmented by a twenty-four-page atlas, many thumbnail maps, and 450 illustrations.

Quite a different orientation is responsible for the fact that much more on Qumran and much less on Moses are to be found in S. G. F. Brandon's **Dictionary of Comparative Religion** (Scribners, 708 pp., $17.50), chiefly the work of Manchester University scholars but with at least one notable exception for non-Christian religions: the Rabbi of Wembley Liberal Synagogue. The approach is genuinely universal; it accommodates, in addition to the tenets and history of contemporary religions and sects, those of the Incas and Aztecs, of ancient Mediterranean civilizations, of the pagan cults, and of the Pacific island peoples.

Concepts as far apart as Spiritualism and the Death of God are among the subjects of **The Encyclopedic Dictionary of the Western Churches**, edited by T. C. O'Brien (Corpus, 836 pp., $25), where the paramount concern is the beliefs and practices, past and present, of Roman Catholicism and its Protestant offshoots. But it does not neglect the many ideas that impinge on these, such as conscientious objection, ethical culture, and existential theology, though it omits discussion of Judaism, situation ethics, or rock ritual.

12) Here, surely, is a book that Pantagruel would have found in the Temple of the Holy Bottle, where the first commandment was *Trinc!* The dimensions of **The Great Book of Wine,** edited by Joseph Jobé (World, 459 pp., $50), are 10" x 12" x 2¼", and it weighs 8½ pounds, or one tun. Few medical books go into such detail over which wines are permitted and which are to be avoided by sufferers from various disorders. Few atlases can rival the beauty of the thirty-five color-maps of wine-producing regions from La Côte de Nuits to Tunisia and California. Few books on the graphic arts can match the variety of reproductions of viticultural and oenological woodcuts, water colors, paintings, and more than fifty bottle labels (in accurate facsimile). And few books even on this specific subject attempt to list a fraction of the 6,500 different wines classified here, or to treat lovingly so many of the world's wine regions, recounting their legends, explaining their methods, and critically examining their products.

At the other extreme is **McCall's Guide to Wines of America** (McCall, 210 pp., $6.95), by William E. Massee. Obviously well-informed and a good raconteur, he imparts his experiences while traveling through vineyards and visiting wineries, mostly in California but a few in New York and elsewhere. At each place he studies the product and makes his recommendations for the wine cellar, creating thereby an eminently practical buying guide.

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BRILL AMONG THE RUINS

by Vance Bourjaily

Dial, 354 pp., $6.95

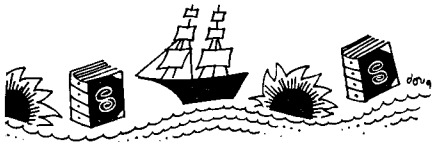
Reviewed by James Kelly

■ In Robert Brill, the nature-loving, fist-fighting, hard-drinking, womanizing, deeply honest and deeply sensitive pivotal figure of Vance Bourjaily's new novel, we have a viable image of today's fallible decent man at bay in a world he barely recognizes.

As Brill makes his way through the tangled undercurrents of a medium-sized Illinois town to find a tenuous escape amidst the Mixtec-Zapotec-Aztec-Olmec ruins of southern Mexico, his story becomes a sort of doomsday chronicle, full of human churning. There are vivid minor characters in *Brill Among the Ruins*—the alcoholic wife reduced to the role of noncontender, the biddable law partner and beddable women, the town bosses and union leaders, and of course the idealized best friends of boyhood and middle age—but they exist mostly as navigation points in Brill's headlong rush to nowhere.

As might be anticipated, the author draws freely upon his store of knowledge as outdoors enthusiast (the mandatory scenes of duck hunting and stream fishing are present), his lengthy field trips during the early Fifties to Oaxaca's antiquity sites (the second half of the book narrowly skirts becoming a how-to manual for the amateur archeologist), and his admiration for Mr. Hemingway in matters of content and stance, to which neither the late John O'Hara nor the late Robert Ruark was more loyal.

Regrettably, though, for present storytelling purposes Mr. Bourjaily has adopted a breezy shorthand style



that at times threatens to become windblown or, worse, to drift into a jazzed-up flippancy. For example, Brill fancies himself as a character in a running Olmec or Aztec soap opera, with everybody expressing sonorous ancient thoughts in hippie jargon. And Bourjaily's impressive fund of scholarship concerning Mexico's melting-pot past and the archeological techniques for discovering it is laid upon us in vintage "cool" language that occasionally takes on a little pre-Columbian flavor of its own.

Bourjaily expertly depicts a campus demonstration, the endless shrewd vagaries of a small-town law practice, the inner mores and sociological byplay of Midwesterners struggling on their own sheets of flypaper, and the essence of man-woman sensuality, about which he has found some new, non-cliché things to say.

Above all, Mr. Bourjaily (through Mr. Brill) is concerned about what is happening at this point in history, and makes us think about the glum choices ahead. "Innocence is child's knowledge that he will never die," he tells us. "Most of the energy in the world for getting things made came from this true innocence; after you lost it, you might get things done, but you would never get things made again. Except out of the true opposite of true innocence, which was a man's accumulation of despair on the long downhill drift toward his death. Brill thought that when a nation realized it could die, it, too, probably lost its energy for making things." All of which ties in closely with a lengthy jeremiad by Charles A. Reich in *The Greening of America* (see page 24): "Both work and living have become more and more pointless and empty. . . . For most Americans, work is mindless, exhausting, boring, servile, and hateful—something to be endured—while 'life' is confined to 'time off.'"

Finally, there is Brill's comment to his nineteen-year-old cousin: "What is life? Well, that's something they've got for people who don't watch television. Be serious, Felix; what about art? Sheeit. What about history? All right: only never was ever is."

Here is a novel for people puzzled by abrasive, contemporary life; for vicarious adventurers sick of desk, domestic responsibility, the whole damned spectrum of trifling choices, and for those who would like a fictional look at what it would be like to be a free agent (Brill) on life's highway. That Brill himself—a decent man with all guilts and responsibilities intact—watched the heady quality of his own freedom turn to an aimlessness which finally sent him full circle is neither here nor there. The concerned reader could always have handled things differently, couldn't he?

James Kelly is a novelist and critic who has lived and worked in Mexico for the past seven years.

LITERARY I. Q. ANSWERS

1 Ih (*Scarlet Letter*), 2Lg (*Lord of the Flies*), 3Jl, 4Fa (*Exodus*), 5Hk (*Treasure Island*), 6Kc (*Pippa Passes*), 7Dj (*Richard III*), 8Ce (*David Copperfield*), 9Ad (*Alice in Wonderland*), 10 Bi (*Les Misérables*), 11 Gb (*Jane Eyre*), 12 Ef (*Silas Marner*).

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MRS. WALLOP

by Peter De Vries

Little, Brown, 310 pp., $6.95

Reviewed by Haskel Frankel

■ Ever wonder what it must feel like to be the target of one of those novels in which the author uses fiction-coated nonfiction to nail mama to the cross? Peter De Vries did, and in Mrs. Emma Wallop, a semi-educated, slightly vulgar Midwestern Mrs. Malaprop, mom gets her turn at bat.

First, she is up against T. Randall Rivers, a former boarder, who has put her in his novel *Don't Look Now, Medusa* as the landlady of the year—a bad year, indeed. By the time Mrs. W. discovers that it was not she but his own mother he used for his fictional landlady, a second literary arrow dipped in poison comes her way, and right on target. It is *The Duchess of Obloquy*, written by her own son, and published in an anthology of new writing.

Obviously, Mr. De Vries is out for fun and games among belles-lettres. If you care to look for it, you can probably spot Thomas Wolfe masquerading as T. Randall Rivers, and you will definitely find *Portnoy's Complaint* and Philip Roth in Osgood Wallop's novella. The latter, which appears in its entirety, is the high point of the book. It is a lovely, biting take-off on the so-called "new writing," and it represents Peter De Vries, satirist, at his best.

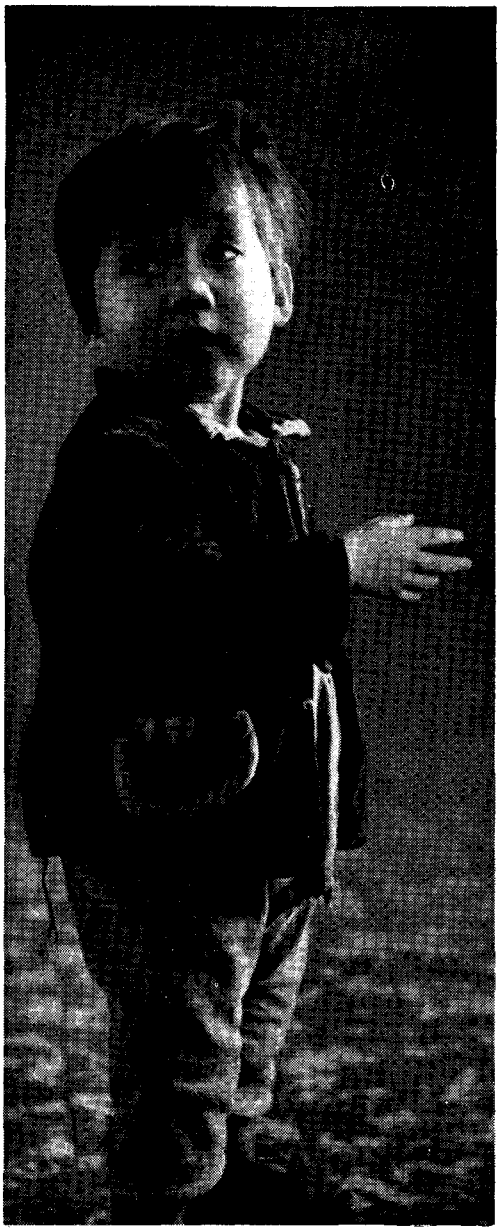
As for the rest, it is an overdone, hit-and-miss affair, with some delightful malapropisms ("giving sucker to genius") and some very funny bits (Mr. Wallop's poems, all constructed like football cheers; a pot party for the benefit of Synanon). But almost all of it is encompassed in the nonstop chatter of Mrs. Wallop.

Not only does the garrulous albeit colorful lady ultimately weary the reader—this reader, anyway, though the De Vries faithful will not pay any attention to his carp—but she muddles the viewpoint. Mrs. Wallop is all the Mrs. Portnoys of literature at last given the chance for self-defense and she is at the same time the Mrs. Portnoys attacked all over again from another angle, forced to testify against themselves with no opportunity of taking the Fifth. In short, Mr. De Vries has opted to rescue mama from matricide in order to have her commit suicide.

This pro-con approach robs *Mrs. Wallop* of her wallop.

Haskel Frankel writes SR's monthly column Criminal Record.

She Needs Your Love



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Rise of the Elders

Continued from page 15

brought on by their dread of impending decline? Would that disappear with stretched-out life-spans?

Perhaps the stretching-out of longevity comes to us at just the right time in history. The furious cumulative progress of science has so outstripped the non-cumulative nature of common wisdom that men lie helpless before leviathan science. Wisdom, acquired by so lengthy and laborious a process, seems overwhelmed by the furious acceleration of contemporary science. Our problems are becoming so complex that another fifty years or so of contemplation may be the prerequisite to their comprehension and resolution. Contemporary science and its attendant problems may not only permit but demand expanded longevity.

Increased longevity will bring many startling changes: time for contemplation, time for the painstaking acquisition of wisdom to catch up with the breathless pace of science, time for truth to expose error. But this added time will also bring many quite novel problems of its own. Picture what American society might look like twenty or thirty years hence when the first life-expanding discoveries are made widely available. Let us assume that sometime before the year 2000 an additional thirty years will have been distributed to nearly everybody. Put this picture in the perspective of the ecological movement begun in the 1970s.

By 1975 the nation, spurred on by its young people, will have begun to heed the warnings of the Paul Ehrlichs. Conservationist programs to preserve natural resources and to guarantee the rights of all to a healthful environment will have led to cleaner, smaller cities administered in accordance with sound principles of preserving ecological balances. Wastes will be recycled into resources, converting social costs into social profits. Population control measures will have been joined to economics to produce demographic stability. The start will come with the early zero population growth movement and its maxim that no couple should have more than the nation's reproduction quota of 2.4 children per family. Soon, however, this will give way to the negative population growth movement. Instead of bearing their own children, increasing numbers of the young will adopt babies from among the underprivileged. By 1980, population growth will have leveled off, and thereafter a gradual decline will begin.

By 1995, total population will have dropped to 200 million. Several surprising consequences will then begin to appear. Longevity will be stretched out among the elders—those who had been in their twenties and thirties in 1970—and, at the other end, fewer youths will be added to the overall demographic mix. In 1970, the nation's population curve had been bi-modal—one bulge at the twenty-year level, another among the middle-aged—one reason for the much discussed generation gap of that time. In 1995, the population curve will have risen sharply to a single peak massively skewed toward those in their fifties.

The politics of the 1970s had been strongly influenced by the youth protest. As one looked from that point toward the future, those times appeared to be the beginning of a new era in which politics would be dominated by successive waves of young rebels, freed from wage slavery by an affluent society, rendered functionless by automation, and forced to choose between dropping-out or rebellion. The dawning of the Age of Aquarius seemed to foretell an era dominated by the rise of the young as a distinct cultural and political force. Instead, what happened was precisely the opposite. The Age of Aquarius, with characteristic perversity, matured into the age of the rise of the elders. Moreover, as the turn of the century arrived, bringing with it the ever increasing dividends of longevity, human culture experienced a development never before known: a society predominantly composed of and dominated by the elderly, a new class of the aged, still vigorous and seemingly able to postpone death indefinitely.

The past offers us no guidelines at all for such a cultural condition, for, although there have been many age-centered cultures in which a few elders monopolized tribal power and prestige, these were entirely different social systems from that now in prospect. The elderly were then a small minority, not the vast majority, of the population. And where the elders outnumber all others, the result is not a gerontocracy in any sense previously known to mankind. Rather it is an entirely new situation in which power, wealth, authority, prestige, and their exchange and transfer would seem to necessitate entirely new modes of accommodation. We shall require a fresh outpouring of utopian writings portraying the problems of imaginary societies composed primarily of the elderly before we will be able to adopt the novel constitutional, political, and cultural institutions for the age of the rise of the elders. However, the outline of the new utopianism is not hard to foresee.

"May I kiss you goodbye?"

In the first place, it is clear that the terms of exploitation will be reversed. The elderly will no longer be second-class citizens; that role will be visited upon the young. The young will be those whom society will "put away" in custodial care homes. The aim will be to hold them in suspended animation. Some, the more promising ones genetically, will undoubtedly be cryogenically immobilized in cold storage until the elders have the quantity and quality of youth they require for replenishing their own numbers. For the elderly will suffer an attrition rate through accident, suicide, and murder; murder, of course, will become the leading cause of death, and elaborate security precautions will surround each of the aged, who will be under constant threat of attack by young people anxious to make openings that will permit them to move into the company of the elders. Of course, if birth rates too far exceed demographic replenishment needs, many of the young will have to be quietly disposed of in the future's characteristic version of euthanasia. It will only be an act of kindness to "pull the plug" on those of the young who can look forward to no useful function among the elders.

Youth-centered styles will give way to age-centered styles. For those of the young who are selected for admission into the company of the elders, premature aging treatments will be available so that, as the need arises, teenagers can readily be given special hormone therapy allowing them to move from youth directly into middle age within the space of a few weeks to avoid lags between demographic demand and supply. Youths, of course, will fiercely vie with one another in an effort to qualify for selection to undergo accelerated aging treatments, for only the children of especially favored or powerful families will auto-

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matically qualify for rapid maturation. The treatments and the aging medications will, of course, be among the most highly valued commodities of the society, rigidly controlled by the government and the subject of an extremely hazardous, black-market, bootleg industry reminiscent of the gangland operations of prohibition days. Underprivileged youth, either by joining the underground or through great industry and ingenuity, will employ every possible ruse to get access to aging treatments and medication.

The only function of the young will be to become elderly; they will have no other role to play in society. The motto of the elderly will be: "Slow down, there is no rush, there is time for everything." And as this becomes a reality, society itself will slow down—slow down so much that history itself will disappear. Indeed, the individual will take the place of history. Formerly, men depended upon the wisdom of the ages; now men will depend upon the wisdom of the aged. Tradition itself will disappear; there will be no need for it. In the past, its only function was to preserve wisdom across the generations for people who died all too soon. But there will no longer be any need for tradition or, indeed, for institutions. Institutions in the past had the same function as tradition. They incorporated and transmitted a wisdom individuals had neither the time nor the capacity to imbibe alone. Institutions were once immortal because men were transient. The reverse will be true: Institutions will be transient, disposable. Men will be immortal. For the first time in human experience we will be able to visualize men without institutions, without history, and without traditions. New vistas of freedom hitherto unimagined will exist. The rise of the elders will provide the antidote to Jacques Ellul's portrayal of societies dominated by the technological imperative.

Now let us look again at exactly who these elders of 1995 will be. First is the irony of the situation, for it is precisely today's youthful rebels—those who can't trust anyone over thirty—who will come to power. But their acquisition of power will come not in their youth but in their middle age. Today's young will rule when they have become history's first new class of elders, destined to dominate as this century draws to a close.

In short, today's youth will have had things their own way from the Spock-directed permissiveness of their childhood through the youth-centered rebellious years of the 1960s and 1970s and on into their indefinitely prolonged span of ascendancy during the revolutionary period of the rise of the elders. They will be the only generation in history to have dominated society right from birth, with this only a prelude to their domination of all history when they are the elders.

Here we must raise a few questions about how history may fare at their hands. While such speculation must be quite tentative, a few general principles seem to provide descriptive guidelines. Gerontological psychiatrists tell us that, in effect, the aging process begins at birth. At the most rudimentary level this means that the infirmities of old age are in large part influenced by the immediate pre- and postnatal environment of the child. But this has been a heavily vitaminized, if somewhat overfed, generation; so it should reach old age with comparatively good biological equipment. However, what is true of biology applies also to the emotions. The neuroses of the elderly are strongly influenced by the acculturation experiences of their younger years. The values then inculcated never really leave them. Today's elders drink Geritol, sing "Shine On Harvest Moon," and play shuffleboard; the vigorous hundred-year-olds of the future will turn on to pot, "Lucy in the Sky with Diamonds," and group nude-ins. The modes people employ to cope with their life-span tend to remain constant throughout life. Not only the songs but also the functions of their youth return to decorate the daydreams of their old age. The elderly who today feel unwanted and useless because they are unemployable do so largely because during their upbringing they were taught that the purpose in life was to work for a living. They want society to give them jobs because their youth was job-centered. But these are problems specific to those who were young in 1900.

What about the future problems of those who were young in 1950? Most of their leaders grew up to be hippies and rebels. It may not be too much of a caricature to picture the year 1995 studded with retirement communes peopled by centenarian long-hairs, each one with guitar in hand, beaded, fringed, and bathed in strobe light. The highways may well be clogged with gray-bearded hitchhikers. Dirty old men and garishly rouged Gertrude Stein-type hags could easily become society's sex symbols. The year 1995 will witness the rise of a dominant class of elders preserving into their nineties, and many decades beyond, the life-styles, the protest movements, the arts and crafts, the communes, and the diseases of the present. As this transpires, history will be given a bizarre twist: an age-centered culture produced by the first men destined to preside at the rise of the elders.

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SR Goes to the Movies

Arthur Knight

Pre-Christmas Jollity

FOR REASONS that probably make sound economic sense, *Scrooge*, the perfect Christmas entertainment, has been opening around the country even before the Thanksgiving holiday, which is a little like scheduling *Parsifal* for Lincoln's Birthday. Indeed, with the rapid turnover that seems to be the fate of most pictures this year, *Scrooge* may have already disappeared from the theaters before the last Thanksgiving turkey has been converted into its final croquette, but I sincerely hope not. It is a genuinely joyous film—not without flaws (show me the film that is), but one that captures the spirit both of Christmas and of Dickens.

To take care of the flaws first, there is the Leslie Bricusse score, which seems to have come from *My Fair Lady* by way of *Dr. Dolittle*. (I find myself thinking of Bricusse as a slow Lerner.) The music is serviceable. It can be danced to, sung, reorchestrated for adequate underscoring, but it lacks any tunes with the sharp profile that sends you out of the theater whistling. The second flaw is the Leslie Bricusse screenplay, which rarely brings a scene to its proper climax or seems to give its characters quite enough to do.

That the picture succeeds as well as it does is due to its impeccable casting and the taste and restraint of its director, Ronald Neame. Neame prevents the innate sentimentality of *A Christmas Carol* from ever turning mawkish —except, perhaps, in the song that Tiny Tim pipes out on Christmas Eve; but since this is the *scène obligatoire* in the picture, the lapse is both understandable and forgivable. For the rest, it moves briskly and firmly through the familiar tale with a style that combines Dickens's own narrative skill with the flair of the lively, semi-caricatured Cruikshank illustrations. Particularly imaginative is the handling of the scenes that bring old Scrooge together with his younger and his future selves.

The real triumph, however, was the selection of Albert Finney for the title role. Although his makeup as the aged miser is superb, his characterization never remains on the surface level. He walks old, talks old, sings old—and when, visited by the Ghost of Christmas Past, Finney appears briefly as his own youthful self, there is a real poignancy to the suggestion of what might have been, a poignancy as strong as Dickens himself could have wished.

In a sense, it is also a tribute to the casting to say, along with Oliver Twist, that one wants more—more of Alec Guinness as Marley's Ghost, more of David Collings as Bob Cratchit, more of Suzanne Neve as the girl that Scrooge abandoned in favor of riches, and much, much more of stately Dame Edith Evans as the Ghost of Christmas Past. But perhaps that is one of the real virtues of *Scrooge*. What picture in recent months has left you wanting more of anything?

Certainly not *The Private Life of Sherlock Holmes*, Billy Wilder's supposedly affectionate tribute to the master sleuth of Baker Street. The film, handsomely and elaborately mounted by Alexander Trauner, one of the best designers in the business, is not a re-creation of one of Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's famous tales, but rather a completely new story fabricated by Wilder and his script collaborator, I. A. L. Diamond, out of the whole cloth. It is "private," we are asked to believe, because it is a case in which Holmes failed. Unfortunately, so do Wilder and Diamond. The clues are not laid before us, Doyle-fashion, so that in the end we can say either, "Why didn't I think of that?" or, with even greater satisfaction, "Aha, just as I thought!" It is also "private," we are asked to believe, because Holmes has fallen in love with his exotic client, lovely Genevieve Page, and learns too late that she is in fact a German agent.

What undermines the film, however, is neither Holmes's failure to perform with his accustomed brilliance, nor the script's inability to keep us intrigued until the final moment. It is, rather, Wilder's uncharacteristically lethargic pacing, the only occasional witty line, the introduction of a wholly irrelevant (and unpleasant) opening sequence in which Holmes withdraws from a case on the pretext that he is a pederast, and—perhaps above all to any Doylian purists—the tongue-in-cheek characterization of Holmes as a bumbler who draws almost as many false conclusions as his friend Dr. Watson. Robert Stephens seems unnecessarily effete as Holmes, Colin Blakely improbably coarse as Watson. And turning the respected Diogenes Club into a kind of nineteenth-century prototype of the CIA may have been Wilder's idea of lending "relevance" to his story, but it also alters most preconceptions that Doyle's readers have formed of Mycroft, Holmes's mysterious brother.

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Booked for Travel

David Butwin

The Water Wilderness

HE MAY HAVE BEEN stretching the point, but when a Vancouver acquaintance informed me that the Beaver seaplane had done as much to win the Canadian West as the Winchester (or was it the Colt?) had done to win the American West, I couldn't wait to catch a ride on one of the hallowed de Havilland-built craft. There are plenty of worthy pilots and four small charter companies that send various makes of float planes (as they are called in Canada) up the untamed British Columbia coastline, across the remote sectors of Vancouver Island, and into the mountainous interior. I settled for a Cessna 206—two pontoons, six seats, one engine—and a bush pilot named Henry Smeets, who learned his art in the Dutch Air Force and has logged 7,000 hours picking his way through the Pacific Northwest since moving to Vancouver in 1958. Of course I immediately tagged him the "Flying Dutchman"—a handle that had occurred, he admitted, to a few dozen other pundits.

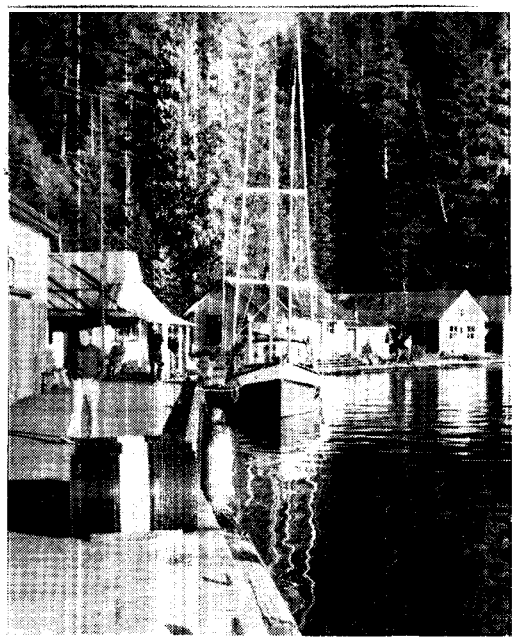
Smeets arranged to pick me up at the float plane dock near the main airport on a Saturday morning in late October, but a dense and persistent fog kept him on the water near his home in suburban Vancouver until noon and caused me to wonder, as I consumed two breakfasts and otherwise killed time talking with waiting float plane aces, if the gods were trying to say something. There are, after all, rational people who won't go near a float plane —or any craft with just a single engine.

"I'll take this plane anywhere," Smeets was to say as we bumped between jagged mountain peaks, "but you have to realize the single-engine float plane does not have a good record. Many of them have dropped out of the sky, and nobody ever knows why. Boeing has people that cannot or will not fly single-engine planes—their insurance won't cover them."

Waiting out the weather did give me a chance to pet the fabled Beaver, described by one of the pilots as the best six-passenger plane ever built, and one with a creditable safety record. On the ground it strikes an awkward, comical pose, the body cradled high above the bulky pontoons, and you wonder how it can taxi, let alone fly. There are a few Beavers left on the Canadian coast, most of the work being done by the amphibious Grumman Widgeon, the Cessna 206, and the Fairchild Husky.

Two of the grounded pilots were waiting for runs to logging camps north of Vancouver. Most of their passengers are loggers and the men who load barges to be tugged down the coast. My breakfast companions, recognizing a greenhorn in their midst, drew purplish pictures of the wilderness that lay before me. They talked of Cape Twitch, more formally known as Cape Caution, a hairy place to land. "When you go by Cape Caution and see the pilot's eye begin to twitch, then you know why we call it Cape Twitch," said one.

Smeets and I finally got away at something after noon, but not before he had changed the game plan and phoned me to meet him at Vancouver Harbor, just blocks from where I had risen, with the sun, that morning. All was bright and blue back in the city, although Smeets, an environment bug before it was a catching thing, observed that the grayness hanging on the fringes was not cloud but smoke from pulp and sawmills. In fact, he said, the pea soup engulfing the airport had been thickened by a clotting smoke, else it would have burned off by 8.



—Mike Ovenell

The dock at Good Hope—"the crying of loons, the creaking of old pilings."

The takeoff and early going were smooth, as Smeets eased the Cessna up the coastline at close to the 140 mph maximum. Our destination was a new fishing lodge on Rivers Inlet, a secluded waterway 300 miles north of Van-

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couver, known only to loggers, salmon fishermen, and the occasional summer yachtsmen lucky enough to happen by. The yachting and sport fishing seasons were all but over, but Smeets promised a few more days of mild weather, acknowledging that winter can blow up in a hurry so far north of Vancouver.

About half the distance to Rivers Inlet can be negotiated by car, two ferry rides connecting the coastal highway as far up as Lund. After that, the coast surrenders only to float planes and adventuring boats. The green woodlands below—cedar, hemlock, fir, balsam, spruce—grew denser by the minute, but here and there scarred hillsides stood out like war zones. This, Smeets sighed, was the result of slash burning, done after an area has been logged to prevent forest fires from leaping out of control. "Some of these hills have stayed bare for ten years," he said. "I've tried to tell the forestry people that the coastal area doesn't need slash burning. It gets enough rain to prevent fires, but nobody will listen." Cruising above interlocking bays and inlets, slabs of blue glass in the midday calm, one could make out huge log booms lashed to the shore, diminished in perspective to resemble log rafts.

As the scenery became more dazzling, the ride got rougher, and soon I was wishing I hadn't accepted the in-flight meal—well peppered salmon sandwiches prepared by the Flying Dutchman himself. Smeets pointed to a distant mountain peak shimmering with new snow and assured me that Rivers Inlet lay just beyond. Somehow the peak didn't get closer, and if it hadn't been for the pilot's settling good humor—the bigger the bump, the harder he laughed—I might have asked Henry to let me out right there. We finally reached the bay and then descended over the water in circles until I thought I was being washed down a drain. The landing, though, was easier than on a 707, and by the time we had pulled up to a logging camp at the head of the bay the only signs of calamity were a pair of sweaty palms.

There wasn't much activity in camp, most of the twenty-five or thirty loggers putting in a full working Saturday off in the woods. A stranger had to be impressed with the orderliness of a settlement so far removed from suburbia. The living quarters, simple wood cabins, were painted bright blue, yellow, or green. Three of the loggers live with their families, the children going off to school each day by boat; the other men are put up in a bunkhouse.

As Dennis Grant, the office manager, first-aid applier, and general handyman, put it for us: "These guys are real gallant—you don't have to worry with women around. But a man can only stay up here three months at a time, and after that they get what loggers call 'bushed.' There isn't much of what you'd call the opposite sex around. Now, some men can stand it more than three months, but every once in a while you'll see the superintendent go out and say to them, 'I think it's about time you went to town.' It sounds a grim life, but you work six or seven days a week, so there's lots to do."

In the cookhouse, Rudy Jancke was preparing main courses of roast beef, Alaska black cod, and cold chicken; pies, cakes, and other desserts were piled around him. Passersby are welcome to dig into the 5 o'clock dinner and to stay the night in the bunkhouse, but there aren't many tourists up there where the Kilbella meets the Chuckwalla River. Wilderness Vacations Ltd., Smeets's employer, operates a floating fishing lodge on the edge of the campgrounds, with enough room for six or seven anglers. Our overnight shelter was a larger and more commodious lodge opened by Wilderness Vacations last summer on another point of Rivers Inlet.

Smeets flew low over the water toward Dawsons Landing to pick up provisions, and just as I was about to express my gratitude for making life so smooth again, he said, "Hold on, this may be a little sharp," and then swung the plane around until the wings seemed almost perpendicular to the water and my eyeballs were being pulled up through my head. Henry, shouting words of acclaim at his pet Cessna, glided up to Dawsons Landing, insisting the turn had been nothing more than routine. "Look, I don't play around," he said. "I want to live to make a million dollars too."

Our journey ended across the bay in a peaceful little cove where the Good Hope fish cannery, or what's left of it, stands in attractive disuse beside a piny, moss-banked shore. Most of the tiny settlements and way stations on the bays and inlets of British Columbia are built out on log landings, seldom on the shore, to make things easier for arriving boats and planes. The pier

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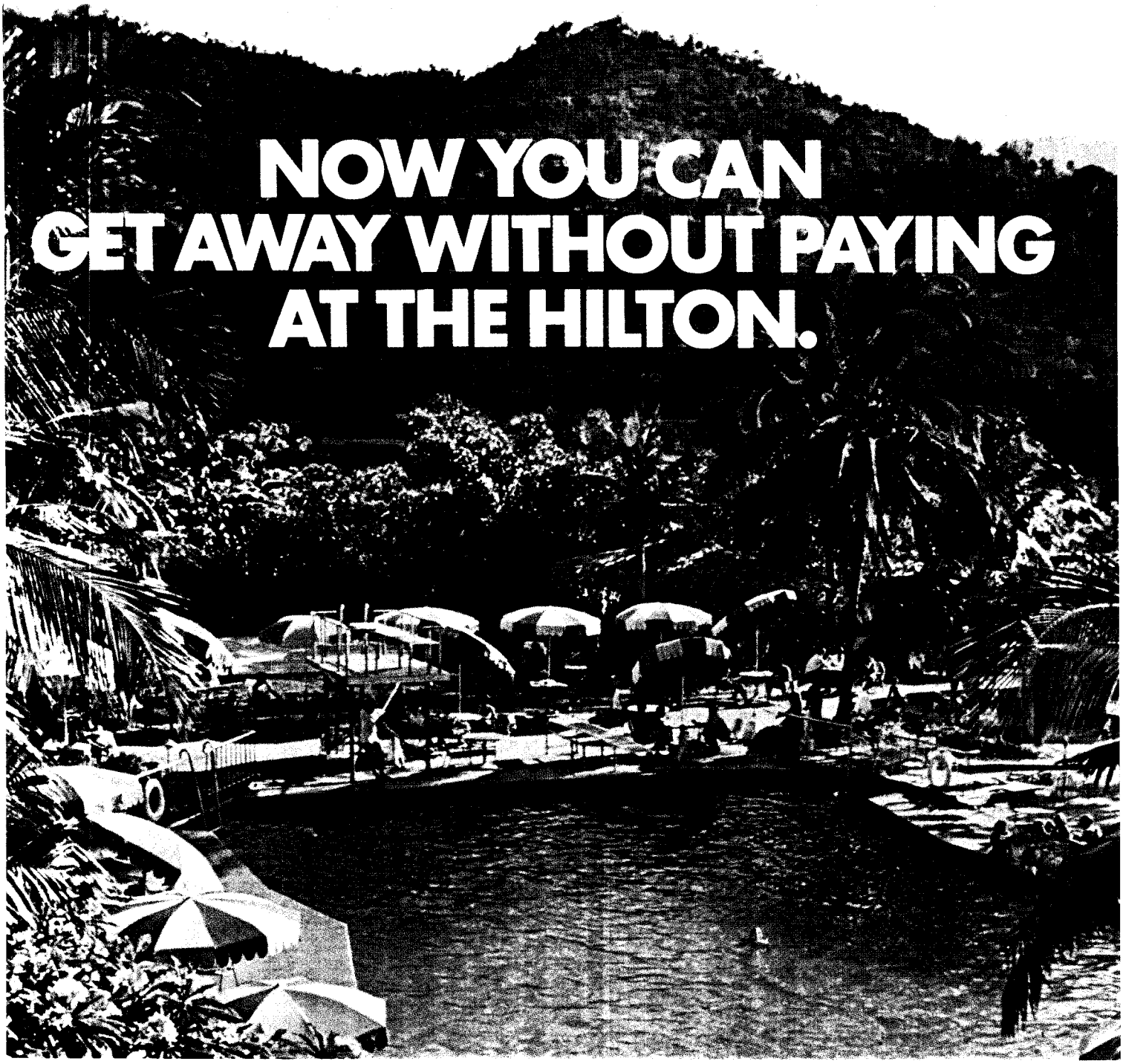

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and the high, broad roof of the cannery have been bleached to a pale gray by years of wind and rain, but one corner has been handsomely converted into a fishing lodge with carpeted rooms, a spacious and cozy lounge, a dining room, and, out back, a sauna of Finnish standards. All that costs a man $100 a day (including the ride with Henry), and although one is practically guaranteed to take a sockeye, chinook, or coho salmon or at least a steelhead trout, the peace and serenity are enough of a catch. At dusk as the sun fires out across the bay all you hear are the crying of loons and their feathered friends, and the creaking of old pilings.

A wanderer can amuse himself poking through the cannery (more recently a fish-collection station) now cluttered with green fish nets, piles of wooden floats, and ancient canning machinery hardly touched since work ceased more than twenty-five years ago. A narrow plank walkway leads down the shore from the cannery to a deserted shack once used by passing Japanese fishermen as a *furo*, a bathhouse. The wooden tub is still there, and on the wall are columns of Japanese graffiti and little drawings of jellyfish and other sea creatures.

Sunday morning was remarkably balmy, but by 11 o'clock a foreboding wind was beginning to blow in from the sea, sending huge crows flapping across the water and rocking Henry's patient Cessna. We got out in a rush, Smeets agreeing to forgo the mountain route and stay mostly over water. The first miles brought back paling memories of the day before, but in a short time we outflew the weather and found it calm enough to drop in at Sullivan Bay, a log landing with gas pump, post office, and grocery store tended by Jack Germain, an eighty-three-year-old onetime bronco buster, and his peppery wife.

She has made life in that far-off station a cheery affair, what with an outhouse labeled AQUARIUM (and a downward glimpse of the deep green sea beside the throne) and dozens of plants and flowers growing out of every imaginable container, including a hard hat, which holds a hanging begonia. She served us coffee and cookies, and while we were chatting, her husband looked out the kitchen window and spotted a large blue heron perched on a bank. Not an everyday sight in *your* back yard. Walking us to the plane, Mrs. Germain said no, she wasn't sorry to see winter coming even if it meant less company for six months. "You know," she said, "it's kind of nice when you've seen so many people all summer to be alone for a while."

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CEILING ON THE WALL

Producer Fruchtman (left) and writer Alexander Eliot—"as close to the frescoes as Michelangelo himself worked."

by MARGARET R. WEISS

The first of an exhibition series designed to "make the inaccessible accessible, the immovable movable, through the use of the most advanced photography and printing," *The Sistine Ceiling Seen for the First Time* is meeting the challenge of its ambitious objective and title. At the New York Cultural Center (until January 3 and on cross-country tour thereafter), Donald Karshan's eighty-panel installation brings the Michelangelo masterwork into sharp focus for close-range, eye-level inspection.

Camera being hoisted to pan and probe atop scaffolding.

Art-appreciation-by-camera is not unusual; the means of accomplishing it in this case is. For the show's theme, artistic approach, and visual framework have been derived from a TV "special"—an admittedly unexpected source of exhibition inspiration or museum-quality material.

This hour-long telecast was indeed special: *The Secret of Michelangelo—Every Man's Dream*, a magnificent color documentary produced and directed by Milton Fruchtman of Capital Cities Broadcasting Corporation that to date has been viewed by seventy-five million people in more than a dozen countries. Documenting the Sistine Ceiling in a way never before attempted—at a camera distance of a mere four feet, about as close to the frescoes as Michelangelo worked—the Capital Cities production team captured spectacular footage and stills. Atop a scaffolding that soared sixty-four feet, the camera panned and probed, exploring the vaulted expanse across which the painter's brush had written the monumental story of Genesis from the Creation to the Flood.

To re-create some of the insights the documentary lens revealed, Karshan has showcased a procession of softly lighted photographic panels—matte enlargements made from Capital Cities' original eight-by-ten-inch color transparencies without any perceptible loss of brilliance, clarity, or definition. These half-scale panels, in narrative sequence, feature the main biblical characters in the drama of Creation, a representative pantheon of prophets and sibyls, and an attendant chorus of angels and *putti*.

Since even several large galleries of wall space cannot accommodate all of the almost 6,000-square-foot ceiling, overall views and an identifying diagram help relate parts to the whole. Reproductions in books are on display, too, for color comparisons with the panels. Here the wall images clearly show their superiority. Shooting close to the subject has brought out the true warmth of flesh tones and fabric hues, exposing brush strokes and surface textures, details sketched in but left unpainted, and—regrettably—the cracks and fissures etched by time.

In effect, the show makes a triple impact on the viewer. First, one is overwhelmed anew by the panoramic vision that was a product of the Renaissance passion for uniting body, mind, and spirit in creative purpose. (In a sonnet describing the anguished years he endured to complete the Sistine masterpiece for his thorny patron, Pope Julius II, Michelangelo wrote, "My

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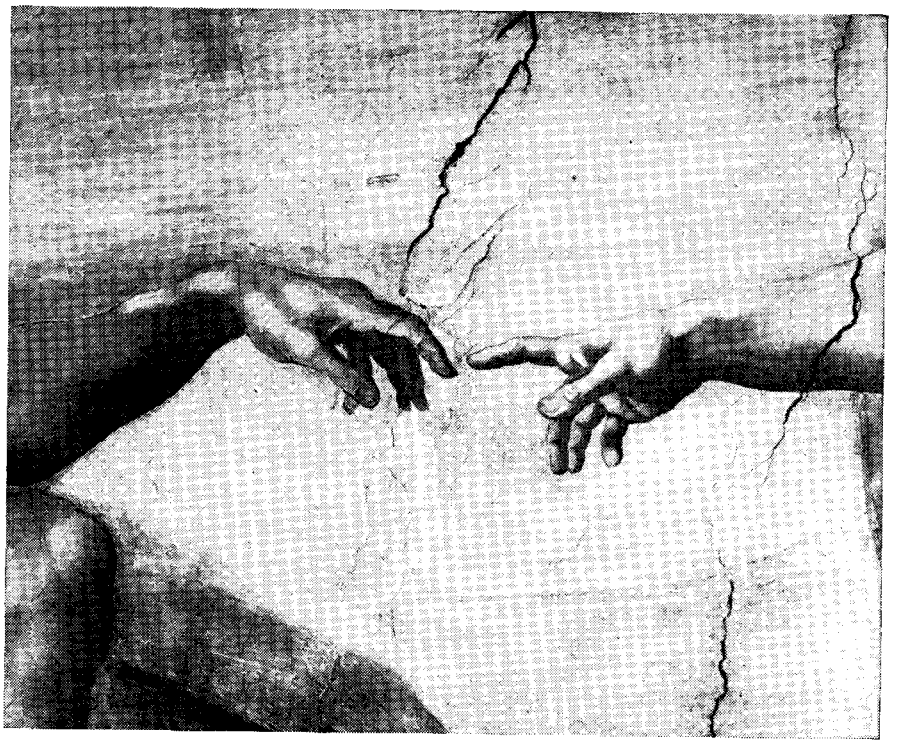
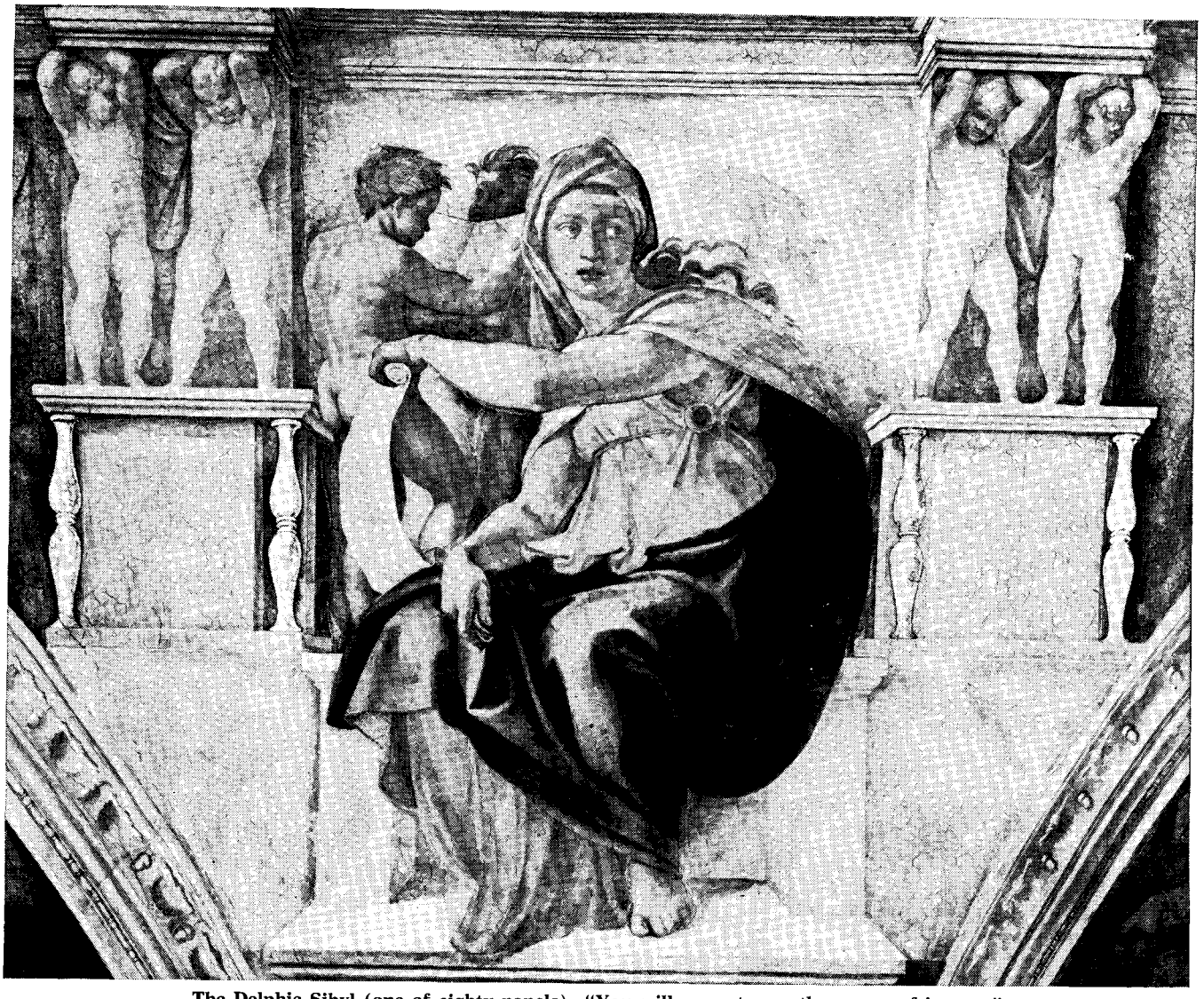
beard toward Heaven, I felt the back of my brain/Upon my neck, I grow the breast of a Harpy . . . , " concluding, "I'm not in a good place, and I'm no painter.")

Then, as the eye returns to the individual wall panels and to the brief photo-essay documenting the production of *The Secret of Michelangelo*, one is impressed by the flawless orchestration of camera, space, and light that the film unit achieved despite enormous technical odds and restrictive Vatican schedules. And finally, the viewer appreciates how well processing and printing technology has performed in making the color enlargements that in turn make the show.

"You will come to see the power of images," prophesied the Delphic Sibyl, who is among the figures depicted on the exhibition panels. Certainly at the New York Cultural Center her prophecy has come true.



Full-scale detail from the Creation of Adam—"fissures etched by time."



The Delphic Sibyl (one of eighty panels)—"You will come to see the power of images."

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World of Dance

Walter Terry

Russian Ballerina

THE MOST IMPORTANT dance defection since Rudolf Nureyev rushed into the arms of French police at a Paris airport nearly a decade ago is that of Natalia Makarova, thirty-year-old ballerina of the Kirov Ballet, the onetime home company of Nureyev and the company that, as the Maryinsky in the imperial days of St. Petersburg, produced Pavlova, Nijinsky, Karsavina, Fokine, and other dance immortals. Makarova sought asylum in England, where the Kirov was playing, and as with her former colleague Nureyev, politics had nothing whatever to do with it. Art and artistic opportunity are what mattered.

Makarova, one of the greatest interpreters of *Giselle*, told me through an interpreter (Mme. Valentina Pereyaslavec, a principal teacher at the American Ballet Theatre School and a favorite teacher of Nureyev and Margot Fonteyn) that she was tired of doing *Giselle* and other old classics over and over again. She loved them, but she wanted new challenges. When she defected, the dance betting was that she might want to join the Royal Ballet, with which Nureyev dances, but out of many offers, she chose the American Ballet Theatre, reportedly at less money than she might have received elsewhere. But she was enthusiastic about ABT's repertory and also about English. She speaks French, but she said of English, "For me, it comes more easy to tongue."

Makarova will, of course, dance next summer in ABT's regular season at the New York State Theater, but she will also appear during the troupe's winter season (December 22 to January 10) at the New York City Center. American balletomanes will see her celebrated *Giselle*, which she will dance with Erik Bruhn, and in Fokine's *Les Sylphides*, but she will also dance her first *Coppélia* and, most important of all, her first contemporary dramatic ballet, Antony Tudor's *Lilac Garden*. Thus it is that in America we will see not only her superb Giselle but also new characterizations by one of the great artists of the dance.

Lucia Chase, co-director with Oliver Smith of ABT, put it this way: "We are delighted that she has chosen this company. We believe that she has chosen right, and we welcome her with joy. I think our repertory provides her with what she was seeking when she left her homeland. She will have the great classic ballets in which she always excels, and at the same time she will be working with more Western choreographers than any other company, I think, could offer her. This is what she has wanted—to balance the old with the new—and with ABT, it is hers."

(Another Russian defector, Alexander Filipov, once a member of the Kirov's youth company and then a dancer with Moiseyev, left his countrymen in Mexico on tour and is now a soloist with ABT.)

From Mexico, Amalia Hernandez's sumptuous Ballet Folklorico came to New York for an annual visit (its seventh in the United States). It played the City Center, and it once again enchanted dance followers with dancing deeply rooted in heritages, Indian as well as Spanish and mestizo, beautifully translated into contemporary theater. Women's Lib is present in the 1910 dance in which wives and daughters, armed and at the ready, stood by sons and husbands to fight for freedom; Aztec days are recalled in a great ceremonial focused upon dazzling costumes; a sweet and lovely marriage ceremony is re-created in *Wedding on the Isthmus of Tehuantepec*; and the life force itself is present in the now world-famous *Deer Dance of the Yaqui Indians*, performed by a Yaqui, Jorge Tyller. Here, in this last named dance, breathes one of the great dance experiences of our day. We are placed on that threshold between life and death, and we become one with a wounded creature who recognizes the ebbing of life but who cannot succumb to death. It is a heroic conception, more than a dance, and although it is an ancient tribal rite, it speaks of each man's precarious foothold in the world. Tyller is its supreme interpreter.

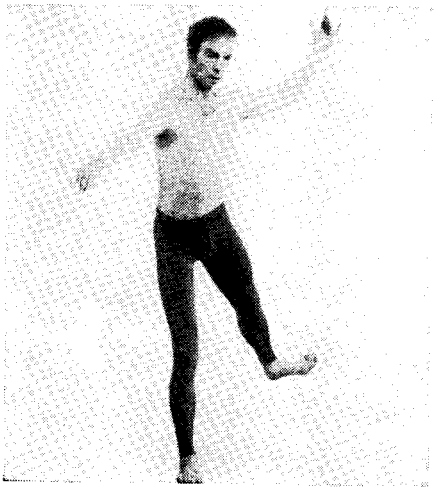
Merce Cunningham, avant-garde dancer, is also a creature. He moves with both the shyness and the slyness of an animal, for he can arrest all motion and retain an alertness, a sense of spring that the free beings of woods and mountains retain, and yet he can step out, twist his head, advance and retreat with a speed that makes the blink of an eye seem slow motion.

Cunningham and his company, featuring the lovely Carolyn Brown, played a November engagement at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, where Cunningham's group is resident, and brought delight in old pieces and new creations. He can drive you up the wall with his experiments, but often he enchants with his adventures, and always, as a dancer, he invites you to marvel at a remarkable creature-being.

—*Martha Swope*

Natalia Makarova as Giselle—"Art and artistic opportunity are what mattered."

Jorge Tyller, a Yaqui Indian, in "Deer Dance"—"is its supreme interpreter."



—*Ron Protas*

Merce Cunningham—"the shyness and the slyness of an animal."

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ENVIRONMENT
and the Quality of Life

Clean Power from Inside the Earth

CERRO PRIETO, MEXICO.

I could see the pillar of water boiling into the sky while our party was still miles away from the spout in the earth from which it spurted.

I could hear the pillar's awesome roaring long before I came to stand beside it and learn that it was moving at the speed of sound.

I felt no trace of dampness in the dry, desert air as I stood there. Though only 20 per cent of the pillar was steam, all but the steam evaporated within 100 feet of the ground—so enormous were the heat and pressure driving the water from below.

What was the source of this fabulous energy?

The spout of it was on the edge of a field of fourteen other blowholes from which trapped steam billowed gently eight miles west of the dormant volcano known hereabouts as "the black hill." The water and the steam together were escaping from a vast underground sponge of porous rock, saturated with brine that had seeped down through the desert bed of the Colorado River. Trapped within the sponge, the water reached boiling temperature by conduction from the solid rock below it. Under that solid rock lay congealing magma, pushed up from Earth's molten interior by an overturning of the floor of the Pacific Ocean.

In the past fifteen years, geophysicists have come to recognize that this overturning occurs on all the ocean floors and is usually marked by flow of lava through the crests of mid-ocean mountain ridges. The Pacific differs somewhat from the other oceans; instead of a mountain chain it has on its bottom a domed blister that has pushed its way under the North American continent perhaps as far east as the Mississippi River. During the last million or so years, the pressure of this intruding dome has been slowly tearing from the continent the Baja California peninsula of Mexico and the segment of California lying south and west of the San Andreas Fault, a great rift in the planet's surface. As this movement proceeds, the Gulf of California gradually widens. Although the heat thus released is evidenced by hot springs all over the American West, the escaping energy asserts itself especially in the Salton trough, a twenty- to ninety-mile-broad geological feature that extends for 150 miles from the shores of the Gulf to the San Gorgonia Pass in the Santa Rosa Mountains of Southern California.

Photographs taken from Gemini and Apollo spacecraft suggest that at the Mexican border the Salton trough is at least forty miles and maybe sixty miles wide. Gravity anomaly studies indicate that from the border southward the trough is underlaid by sedimentary (spongy) rocks to a depth of 20,000 feet. Geologists have estimated that such an extensive sponge should hold boiling water enough to cover somewhere between three billion and ten billion acres of land to a depth of one foot. Cerro Prieto, "the black hill," is a characteristic symbol of this buried power, and here the Toshiba Company of Japan is installing for the Mexicans a set of specially designed turbines to turn the escaping steam into electric power by the beginning of summer 1972.

The Geothermal Energy Commission, an agency of Mexico's Federal Electricity Commission, has been exploring the potential of underground steam in the Mexicali Valley for the last decade. Up to now, wells have been drilled on less than 1 per cent of the two to four million acres that lie above the subterranean reservoir. The power plant at present under construction has a capacity of 75,000 kilowatts. Plans for quadrupling this output are on the drawing boards. If predictions of qualified experts prove reliable, steam drawn from beneath the valley ultimately may power the equivalent of the metropolis of Los Angeles.

At the moment the Mexicans are concerned only with the steam. But the wells at Cerro Prieto are regularly spaced within a maze of earthen embankments wide enough to carry single-lane motor traffic. Alongside these elevated roadways are ditches running with water, smoking hot. The rectangular basins formed by intersections of the embankments are crusted pebbly white with salts deposited as the escaping water evaporates. These salts and the power together could supply electro chemical plants capable of employing as many as 50,000 primary workers. The usual formulas for servicing such industrial complexes call for five to ten secondary workers in support of each primary job.

It was this dream of a truly golden west for Mexico, about 1,500 air miles away from the national capital and linked economically to the rest of the country by only a railroad line across the Sonora Desert, that brought me here as one of a chartered planeload of guests of the Regents of the University of California. Drinking water is imported in bottles from California to the town of Mexicali, site of the air-

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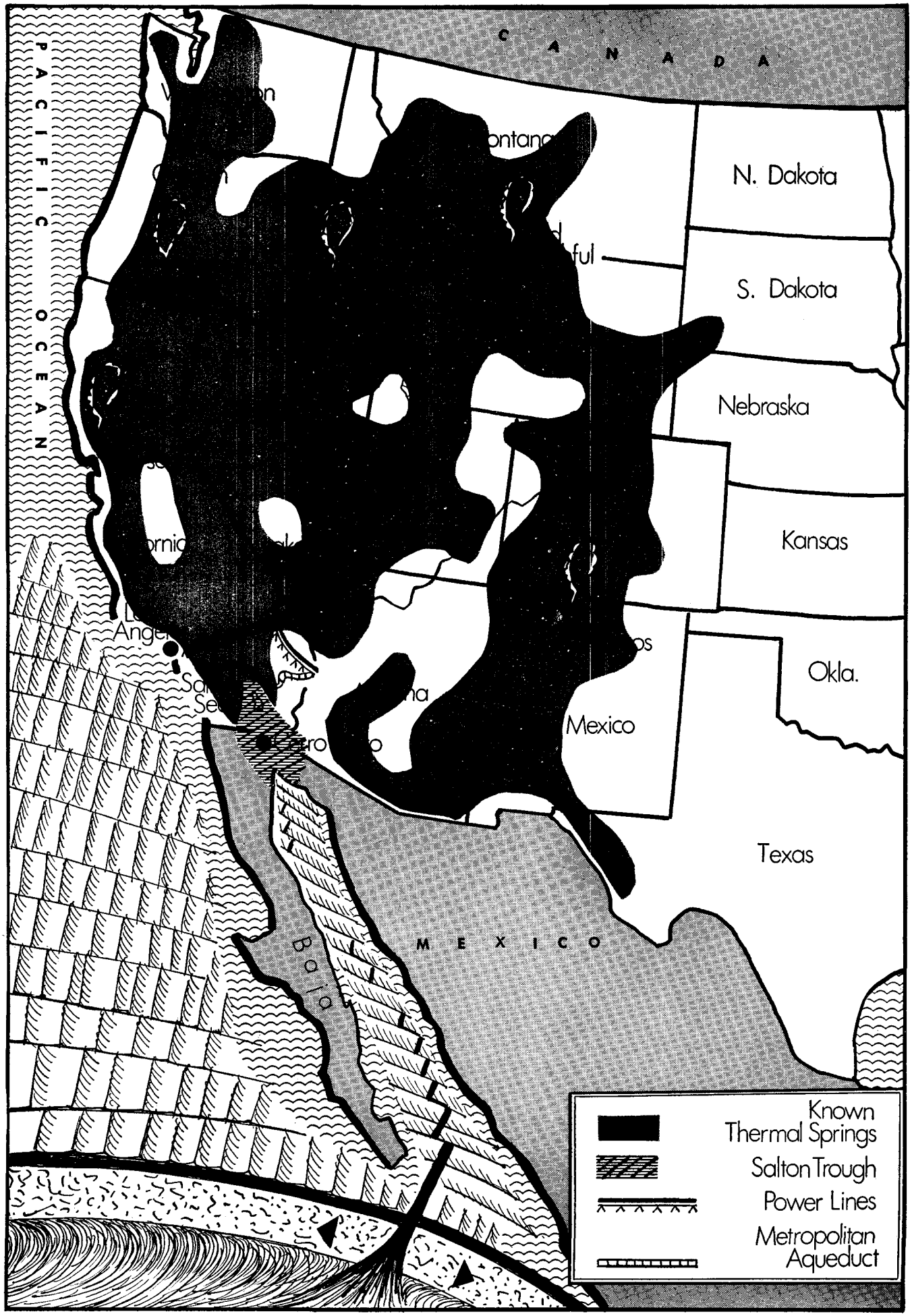

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port at which our plane landed thirty miles from Cerro Prieto. Yet, Mexicali already has a half million residents—more than double the population that was here prior to Yankee industrialists' recent demand for factory space for assembly of various products from toys to trucks in a tariff-free border zone where unskilled workers flock to find jobs. This growth has taken place with the help of a minimum supply of electricity from an oil-fueled generator at Rosarito Beach, which also powers Tijuana and one of the world's biggest sea water desalting plants. A tremendous surge of new growth seems inevitable once Mexicali taps the prodigal source of electricity under its own back yard.

A similar burst of prosperity could be propelled by geothermal steam north of the Mexican border. As was noted earlier, the Salton trough reaches northward from the Mexicali Valley through the rich Imperial Valley of California. The purpose of the visit of the University of California Regents was to applaud Mexican ingenuity and initiative and to suggest their emulation in the United States. In our party was Dr. Robert W. Rex, professor of physics and director of the Institute of Geophysics and Planetary Physics at California's Riverside campus, who is dedicated to a geothermal revolution in the economy of the whole American Southwest.

In addition to the university and the National Science Foundation, financial supporters of Professor Rex's research include the Southern California Edison Company and Standard Oil of California, competitors in the energy market geothermal steam must enter. For the last half dozen years, Southern California Edison has not been able to find a new fossil- or nuclear-fuel power plant site acceptable to opponents of further pollution of the air and water. And Standard Oil of California, apart from its concern over price competition among oil and gas and nuclear fuel, has been unable to solve the problem of sulfur emissions from oil-burning furnaces. Under these circumstances, geothermal power is attractive because it can be generated much more cheaply than power from any other source; furthermore, under proper management, it is capable of enhancing rather than deteriorating the environment.

The Bureau of Reclamation of the U.S. Department of the Interior contributes a generous share of Professor Rex's working budget. That share may top $1-million next year. This is appropriate, for the bureau's objective is measurable only in the grand dimensions of promises solemnly made in the name of American democracy. By treaty with Mexico, the U.S. government in 1944 agreed that Mexican farmlands each year should receive from the Colorado River, en route to the Gulf of California, at least 1.5 million acre feet of water suitable for irrigation of crops. Not only has this pledge gone unkept; it has been broken more and more flagrantly with the passing years. Huge flood-controlling dams have conserved the water for use north of the border, the impounded water has lost enormous amounts of its volume by evaporation under the desert sun, the salt content of the water has risen because of the evaporation, and the Yankees have leached the salt out through irrigation ditch drainage and dumped it back into the river, finally leaving the Mexican share of the water not only sadly depleted but so heavily laden with salt that crops irrigated with it are limited both in variety and in yield. Crop failures are commonplace.

There is no greater cause of friction between Mexico and the United States. Two years ago, the Congress moved to demonstrate its good faith by authorizing the Secretary of the Interior to find 2.5 million acre feet of water per year to meet the obligation to Mexico. This amount would provide a safe margin above the 600,000 acre foot loss that occurs by evaporation and otherwise between Lake Mead (created by building of Hoover Dam) and the Mexican border. During the next ten years, the Congressional act decreed, the search for this missing water may not go outside the basin of the Colorado. Interior's Bureau of Reclamation is concentrating the search on three sources: modification of clouds to increase the amount of rain feeding the basin, treatment of sewage in ways that will eventuate in potable water returnable to the basin, and geothermal waters from beneath the basin. Spending for cloud modification now totals $23-million. Arleigh West, who has just been moved up into the Washington, D.C., echelons of the bureau from directorship of the bureau's third region at Boulder City, Nevada, firmly believes that at least as great an expenditure is justified for Professor Rex's scheme to pipe geothermally heated waters to the surface of the Imperial Valley, take off the steam to generate power, use the heat remaining in the brine to evaporate the water (thus slashing the cost of desalination, which consists chiefly of the cost of heat), pipe the distilled water into Lake Mead, and refill the geothermal reservoir underground with salt water from the Pacific Ocean.

The Bureau of Reclamation's hopes are not, of course, built on pure altruism. Yankee farmers and other water consumers north of the border would benefit from dilution of the salinity of Colorado River water as much as would Mexican farmers. Awareness of the potential impact has prompted the largest water distributor in Southern California—the Metropolitan Water District of Los Angeles—and the Imperial Irrigation District to support Rex's work with research grants. Both know that the combined effect of the water and power would be felt all over the Southwest. Furthermore, the power when fed into a national electricity transmission grid could flow across the country to help prevent the brownouts that now plague the East.

The implications of the geothermal initiative of Professor Rex and his team have impressed the Mexican National Electricity Commission, and it has asked him to consider serving Mexico as a scientific consultant. Some such practical expression of the Good Neighbor Policy is long past due. Until today, no Yankee credit can fairly be given for Mexico's geothermal adventure. All praise must go to the Mexicans themselves and to help they obtained from the United Nations.

The roaring pillar of boiling water that awed all of us in the University of California inspection team here at Cerro Prieto is an authentic coda to the Mexican Revolution. It was in 1939, three years after President Lazaro Cardenas expropriated the foreign-owned petroleum properties in Mexico, that he formed the Federal Electricity Commission (CEF) for the purpose of controlling the most powerful means of lifting the peasants from poverty. One of CEF's organizers was Luis F. de Anda, engineer son of a well-to-do Mexican family, who multiplied his inheritance by building hotels.

In those days, the big profit in hotels came from spas where wealthy tourists could soothe their ailing bodies

Map on opposite page shows how convection within the mantle beneath Earth's crust causes Pacific Ocean to split and spread, freeing molten magma to rise and widen Gulf of California. Magma congeals below Earth's surface at very high temperatures. Its heat is transmitted through solid rock above it to porous sedimentary rocks that capture water leaked through the bed of the Colorado River. The water boils and escapes upward wherever breaks occur in the rocks. As this happens, pressure on water falls and all or part of the hot liquid evaporates into steam, which hits the air at speeds as high as that of sound.

Salton trough is defined by darkly colored lines. Light tint outlines area of known thermal springs believed related to thrusting of Pacific Ocean floor under North American continent. White lined plumes mark points of unusual geothermal activity.

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with baths in warm mineral springs. Therefore, de Anda kept his eyes cocked for warm springs while enjoying his favorite pastime of hiking across the hills and valleys of his native countryside. As he clambered over the often volcanic rocks, he came across many bubbling waters in which the Indians cooked potatoes and chickens and boiled off the bark of reeds they then wove into baskets. If the water stayed that hot, de Anda reasoned, Mexico might possess a source of wealth far surpassing the potential of spas. Perhaps the Mexicans could do what the Italians had done since 1904 at Larderello: capture underground steam in pipes and throw it into turbines to generate electricity.

He could think of no reason why he should not drill holes in the earth to test the idea. No reason, that is, except his own lack of technical knowledge of geology. He asked advice of University of Mexico vulcanologist Frederico Mooser and other geologists. The outcome of their consultations was an appeal to the United Nations.

The United Nations turned to Iceland, where geothermal steam had been used to heat homes since 1925. There was Gunnar Bodvarsson, an Icelander with years of experience in exploitation of subterranean water and steam. Bodvarsson went to Mexico in 1954. Now a professor of geophysics at Oregon State University, he recalls that he studied the rocks in the three neighborhoods pointed out to him by de Anda and found them all promising sites of geothermal activity.

In the following year, de Anda started to drill a steam well on one of the sites Bodvarsson had approved—near Pathé, in the state of Hidalgo. Anticipating success in this enterprise, de Anda visited Italy and brought back from Larderello an old electric power turbine. He hitched it up to the steam pipes at Pathé and felt vindicated when it produced usable current.

Luck intervened that same year with the dispatch to far-off Mexicali of a CEF engineer to determine what manner of power scheme might provide a shot in the arm for this forsaken desert region. Outside Mexicali, he saw puddles of ground water bubbling and heard from irrigation ditch diggers how bursts of steam often came up through the ditch bottoms. After confirming these phenomena for himself, he urged de Anda to extend the geothermal search to Baja California.

Five years of deliberation followed in Mexico City. The decision was hard to make. Not only its vast distance from the capital but the almost total isolation of Mexicali had to be weighed. But de Anda's sense of destiny triumphed in the end. By 1960, he was head of the new CEF agency, the Geothermal Energy Commission (CEG). Mooser, who had become chief geologist of CEF, joined him in support of Cerro Prieto's first well. At less than 2,000 feet, the drillers hit boiling water in 1961.

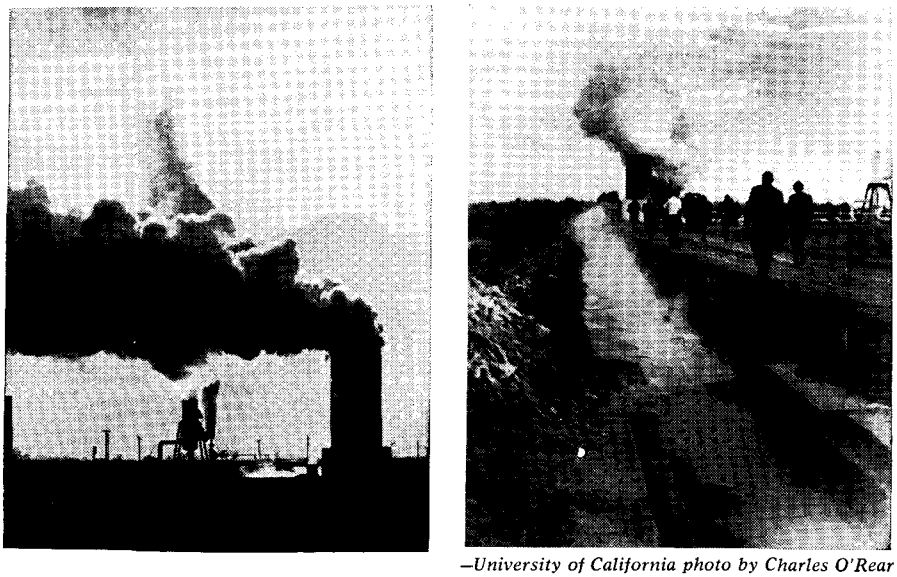
By poetic chance, that happened to be the year in which the United Nations staged a global conference in Rome on unconventional sources of energy. The sun, the wind, the tides of the sea, and the temperature gradients of sea water were considered along with the inner dynamics of Earth itself. When the conference proceedings came to be published, two of the three volumes were occupied entirely with reports of research on geothermal power.

Buoyed by these data and by advice they obtained from New Zealand (where geothermal resources, first put to use in 1925, had demonstrated results worthy of nationalization in 1946), de Anda and his associates applied native Mexican ingenuity to development of an enterprise that is now attracting the investment interests of the World Bank.

Among the earliest Yankees to recognize the significance of the Mexican breakthrough was geologist Robert Rex. In 1961, he was doing research for Standard Oil of California, using heat-flow measurements to determine feasible sites for oil wells in the Imperial Valley. Oil and steam do not mix, because the heat required for the latter dissolves and washes away the hydrocarbon constituents of the former. In the 1920s, there had been drilling for steam at the southern end of the Salton Sea, which has grown popular as a sportsmen's haunt since it formed in a below-sea-level pocket of the valley between 1905 and 1907 when the Colorado River flooded and shifted course disastrously. Hot water had been recovered from those 1920 steam wells, but the well drillers felt it was too heavily laden with salts to be profitably marketed. So Rex's assignment in the oil well hunt of the 1960s boiled down to deciding where the underground temperatures could be low enough to allow accumulation of oil pools.

In the midst of this heat-flow analysis, Rex heard that the geothermal water brought up at Mexicali held a much lesser burden of minerals than did the Salton Sea steam wells. Deciding to employ his fluency in Spanish to learn more on the spot, he crossed the border and picked up enough information to persuade himself that the geological formations involved would favor the presence of similar lightly salted brine north of the border. He looked again at the heat gradients he had compiled for Standard and concluded that all but one of the proposed oil well sites were too hot to harbor oil. The single exception he considered marginal. He predicted that if a 13,000-foot-deep hole were drilled, the temperature at the bottom would be 500 degrees Fahrenheit. A well was drilled to the proposed depth. The temperature was 500 degrees. The water that came up contained the same percentage of salt as had been recovered at Cerro Prieto.

This well was in the middle of the Imperial Valley. It alone was not enough to convince Standard that drilling for steam would prove as sound an investment as would drilling for oil elsewhere. So Standard abandoned the leases it had obtained for oil exploration. Despite his inability to persuade



—University of California photo by Charles O'Rear

Pillar of water boils up behind steam cloud at Cerro Prieto (left); brine escaping from steam wells (right) runs, smoking hot, in drainage ditches.

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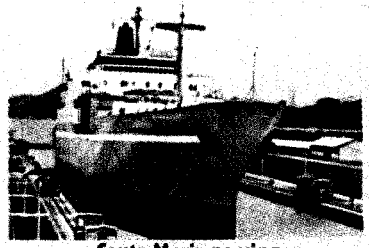

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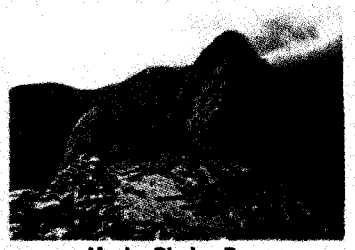

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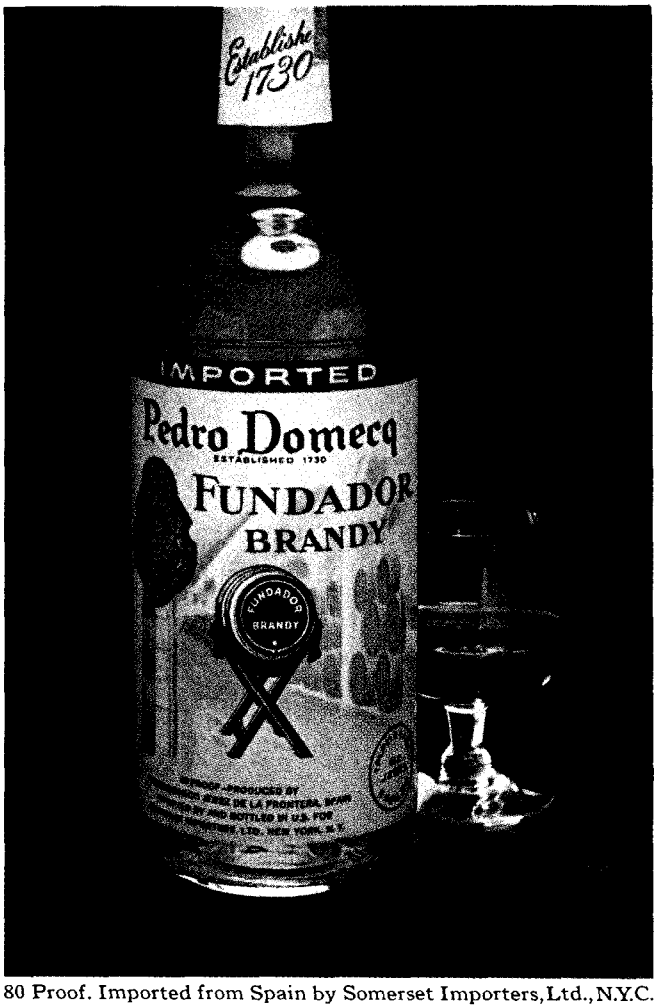

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the company to enter intensive research along his line of thinking, Rex did receive grants of Standard research funds to help support his own studies when he left Standard to join the University of California faculty at Riverside in 1967. Standard made a further concession to Rex in token of its belief in the importance of fundamental research by allowing him to take with him to Riverside the heat-flow statistics he had gathered at Standard's expense and half the staff that had helped him in the gathering.

From that nucleus, in Rex's three years at the university, has grown a laboratory manned by twenty associates and graduate students during the academic year and by thirty persons in the summer months of field work. Key personalities, aside from Rex himself, are Israeli geophysicist Tsvi Meidav, James Combs from the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, Shawn Beihler from the California Institute of Technology, and Tyler Copeland from the University of Chicago.

This crew has determined that heat beneath the valley floor is two to three times the average for the North American continent, and that spongy rock capable of holding water underground is 15,000 feet thick at the northern end of the valley and 20,000 feet thick at the Mexican border.

In the 1,000-square-mile area covered by this exploratory work, seven especially hot spots have been defined. These suggest the existence of as many pools of buried geothermal energy, bubbling at temperatures above 500 degrees Fahrenheit, with a total potential of twenty million kilowatts of electricity and five to seven million acre feet of distilled water annually for at least three decades and possibly for one to three centuries.

Next spring, Rex and his associates will get down to the serious business of proving out these exploratory findings. Two 1,000-foot-deep wells will be drilled preliminary to a major project set for next fall: a 6,000-foot well from which is expected to be drawn boiling water and steam. Later on, Rex hopes, the National Science Foundation may finance a well that will go all the way down to basement rock and perhaps tap a magma chamber for the first time. Data obtained from study of such a well could lead to a new kind of mining, in which the minerals—instead of being dug from under the earth—would be floated upward to the surface and there separated chemically. Morton International, Inc., which owns some of the geothermal leases on the heavily salted waters under the Salton Sea, has been experimenting with a pilot plant salt separation process and has reported this effort near success.

Rex intends to accept Mexico's invitation to serve it as a geothermal consultant. He considers it profitable to geothermal research in the United States for him to make his sophisticated survey instruments available south of the border. Using the border as a base line, he will define the hot spots simultaneously southward and northward of it in gradual progression and thus arrive at the pattern of heat flow for the entire Salton trough. While exploitation in the north is catching up with that in the south, it will be possible to train young Mexicans and young Yankees together at a Cerro Prieto well that has proved less promising commercially than the rest of the wells in the field. Techniques of power generation and water desalting will be taught as complementary subjects.

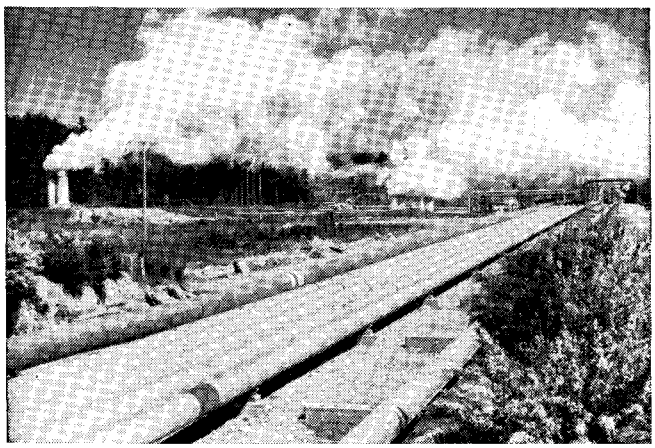
In speaking of the future, Rex hedges his public statements with caution. He notes the necessity of refilling the geothermal reservoirs in order to prevent subsidence of the valley floor. He notes that, although geothermal steam is much more cheaply produced than is nuclear steam, geothermal electricity is not always competitive with nuclear electricity because nuclear steam emerges at high pressures and high temperatures suitable for filling large-scale demands, whereas geothermal steam comes out of the earth at relatively low pressures and temperatures better fitted for smaller markets. As a corollary to this, Rex emphasizes that geothermal steam alone is not a panacea for the current power shortage in the United States.

Privately, however, Rex will admit to a suspicion that the geothermal potential of the United States is considerably greater than anyone now supposes. The Department of Interior's official figure on acreage with demonstrated potential is 1,350,000. But no one really knows because a high percentage of land throughout the West (the area of promising heat-flow measurements) is owned by the federal government and is not now open to geothermal exploration. Since 1962, Senator Alan Bible of Nevada has been sponsoring a bill in Congress to correct this situation, and the two Congressional houses (delayed by one Presidential rebuff) have finally passed slightly varying versions of it after writing in clauses to prevent giveaway of public treasure to private speculators. The differences remain to be resolved in the light of White House insistence that all geothermal leases be subject to competitive bidding.

At the United Nations, there is strong reinforcement for Rex's suspicion. A worldwide conference on geothermal energy held in Pisa, Italy, in the last days of September and first days of October 1970, heard 200 scientific reports, including a significant one from Russia that said the geothermal energy potential of the Soviet Union is greater than all other Soviet energy sources together. Considering Russia's huge reserves of coal, oil, and gas, the Russian

—United Nations

Children cycle atop geothermal steam heat conduit in Iceland.



—New Zealand Consulate General

Steam pipes suggest extent of New Zealand's geothermal power.

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declaration has staggering implications. A U.N. official well acquainted with the record of geothermal performance commented after the conference: "We used to think a geothermal field would last only forty years at most before becoming exhausted. We are now beginning to think that a geothermal field, properly managed, may last forever." He cited the experience of Italy, Iceland, and New Zealand in support of this view.

That view may be extreme. But the men who hold it feel justified by the queries they are getting on prospective geothermal land leases from such globally reputed industrial giants as Standard Oil of New Jersey, Shell Oil, Continental Oil, and Union Oil. At worst, these men argue, small and poor nations can use cheap subterranean energy to lift themselves by their bootstraps as Mexico is doing. The U.N. itself is sponsoring geothermal energy exploration in Guatemala, Costa Rica, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Chile, Turkey, Ethiopia, and Kenya. It has been proposed that geothermal resources in the Jordan River valley might be an economic force worthy of being exerted toward a lasting peace pact between the Israelis and the Arabs. Skeptics retort that this idea may be nothing more than a lofty dream. But geothermal energy has contributed to the economic growth of Italy, Iceland, New Zealand, Japan, Hungary, India, Indonesia, and the Philippines.

The United States is planet Earth's backward child in this application of science to preservation of the environment. The 1970 U.N. conference just referred to had been suggested by the University of California Riverside campus. No one in Washington cared enough to pursue the honor. But the Italians were enthusiastic; so the conference went to Pisa. And that is only one symptom of the situation that has prevailed in this country for years. As early as 1890, homes and greenhouses in Boise, Idaho, were being heated by steam issuing from the earth. That steam is still flowing today to 200 customers along one avenue of the city. The town of Klamath Falls, Oregon, has used geothermal steam in similar fashion since the 1930s. There the steam comes from 500 wells and is so easily accessible that local plumbers make the connections routinely. Five hundred homes, seven schools, an apartment house, a nursing home, and several factories are supplied with heat in this manner. At a place called The Geysers, ninety miles north of San Francisco, where a bear hunter in 1847 came upon a quarter-mile-long gash in the earth from which steam was pouring through a series of fumaroles, the Pacific Gas and Electric Company now generates 82,000 kilowatts of electricity and has plans for pushing that power up to 220,000 kilowatts by 1972. How many Americans are aware of these circumstances? Do many know that eleven northern California towns with power-generating facilities of their own have contracted for steam they hope two now prospecting companies—Geothermal Resources International and Signal Oil and Gas—will bring up across the canyon from the lands now supplying Pacific Gas and Electric? Or that Standard Oil of California now holds leases on large tracts of potential geothermal steam producing property in the Imperial Valley? Or that Magma Power Company and Union Oil Company are working together at Brady Hot Springs, Nevada, with the intention of pouring geothermal steam power into the nearby electric transmission trunk line of the Sierra Pacific Company?

It took Congress eight years—years characterized by steadily heightening population and power crises—to approach agreement on means of encouraging prospectors to explore promising sites of geothermal energy. The long delay does not indicate much top-level appreciation of regional effects geothermal energy might have in distributing population over the apparent waste lands of the West and thus relieving the burden on our overcrowded cities.

At least we ought to discover how bright the promise of America's geothermal resources really is. In recent weeks, one new geothermal steam strike alone moved the formerly accepted boundary of the country's geothermal province 800 miles eastward. The well was drilled by James (Pat) Dunnigan of Abilene, Texas, in the collapsed volcano cone that now holds the Los Alamos, New Mexico, nuclear explosive research laboratory. Within this caldera, man will epitomize his real attitude toward his environment, his willingness to assign unconventional competitive values to sources of energy that do not pollute the air or the water and do make possible new belts of green in otherwise barren countryside, and finally his determination to apply his imagination as devotedly to the exaltation of life as he has applied it to life's extermination.

—*United Nations*

Geothermal experts from United Nations survey steaming fields in El Salvador.

What share of the energy supply of the United States could be provided by geothermal steam? That question is impossible to answer at the moment for three reasons. First, a dependable source of geothermal energy must be proved out before it can be committed. It isn't at all like a coal-fueled or oil-fueled boiler, which simply needs to be built soundly to deliver its promised load. Second, geothermal sources cannot be proved until they are discovered, and the discovery process is only now beginning seriously. Third, a need for power must be confirmed before any share in fulfilling the need can be fixed.

Most economists hold that our present living level can be maintained only if more power is made available every year. But the RAND Corporation, the California "think tank" that acquired global fame for the accuracy of its predictions for the U.S. Air Force, is now in the midst of a study, financially supported by the National Science Foundation, to determine whether an

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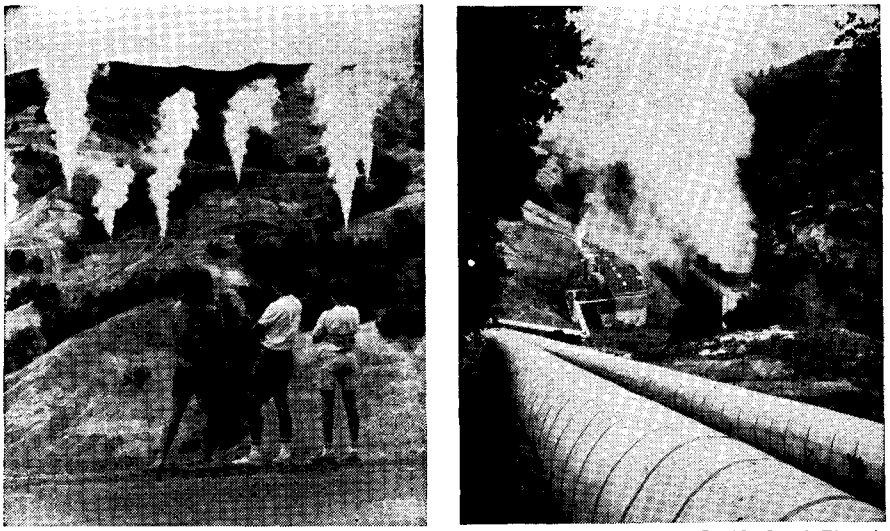

—*Pacific Gas & Electric*

Two views of The Geysers, geothermal steam field in northern California.

ever-upward spiraling energy supply really is necessary or can even be justified. The same question was raised at the 1970 annual meeting of the officers and corporate associates of the American Institute of Physics by Ali Bulent Cambel, Wayne State University's executive vice president for academic affairs and director of a sweeping White House inquiry into energy problems of the nation seven years ago.

Cambel conceded that "there is no doubt whatsoever that the production of power is the main source of the environmental blight that engulfs us everywhere." But he said he "simply cannot conceive of returning to animate power to supply energy consumed by modern industry. Not only would this be impossible technologically; we would also reject it on moral grounds. Were we to be naïvely inclined to substitute animate power for electrical power, we would have to increase the world's animal population immensely. In a food-hungry world, this would be going in the wrong direction."

Cambel saw no hope of early improvement in the prevailing power shortage for the following reason: In this country, energy consumption has been rising at an annual rate of 7 to 10 per cent. But new power plant construction planning has been based on an earlier acceleration of 3 to 5 per cent. Furthermore, reliability requirements (e.g., to take care of unexpected loads and generator down-times) call for a 20 per cent excess capacity that "does not exist in several metropolitan areas" and cannot be provided in a hurry.

"Yet," Cambel continued, "several immediate expedients are well known. These are expanding the interconnections among utility systems, and installing gas turbine and diesel generating units. We could have been on the verge of having still another option, magnetohydrodynamics, had we not drastically curtailed the associated research and development funds."

Fear of thermal pollution from power generation, "although a real one, should be handled with less hysteria," he said. "Instead of rejecting nuclear plants outright, more research should be conducted regarding site levels of thermal pollution; nor have we made exhaustive studies of judicious design and placement of outlets, or of the distribution of plant sites. Generated power could be transmitted and distributed by means of superconducting underground cables. Although still in the research stage, there is indication that such cables are feasible."

Cambel said categorically that "the limitation of energy consumption lies not in any shortage of resources but in environmental limitations." When fossil fuel reserves, uranium and thorium reserves, the nuclear fusion potential of deuterium in sea water, and non-depletable energy sources (hydro, aero, geothermal, tidal, and solar) are all considered together, man need not fear an energy shortage for billions of years. Because some fuels are more abundant than others, however, careful decisions must be made concerning when to switch from one fuel to another. But these are easy in comparison to the effectuation of controls over environmental pollution. The best hope, in Cambel's opinion, is creation of new counter-technologies that will improve upon the natural environment that our present technologies originally sought to modify.

Government subsidies and/or tax write-offs should be provided to industry to stimulate creativity through competition, Cambel proposed. As an example, he cited the possibility of developing household hydrocarbon fuel cells that would obtain their supply of gas from coal gasified with heat produced by nuclear-fueled electric power plants. The external electric wiring leading into a house would be abandoned, but the wiring inside the house would continue in use. The power used in this system would compete with the power supplied by public utilities.

Another example: Direct the Antitrust Division of the U.S. Department of Justice, the Internal Revenue Service, and the Department of Transportation to join in encouraging automobile makers to metamorphose into providers of vehicles for all modern modes of transportation.

Cambel also advocated that "every conceivable fiscal encouragement" be given to manufacturers who invent appliances capable of doing accustomed work with less energy. Such devices would include microwave ovens and stoves to replace conventional gas and electric kitchen stoves; ultrasonic dishwashers and laundering machines to replace washers that thresh water about; electric chemiluminescent lighting panels to replace incandescent and fluorescent lighting fixtures; and thermoelectric refrigeration and air conditioning units to replace conventional compressor-driven coolers.

In short, the Cambel prescription for tomorrow's energy research and development is vigorous orientation toward less dissipation of energy without curtailing human comfort.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

WIT TWISTER #193

Edited by ARTHUR SWAN

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word.

Now bored with _ _ _ _ _ _
thrills, mankind must fly
Across the _ _ _ _ _ _ reaches
of the sky.
Toward the moon, an awesome
_ _ _ _ _ _ is traced,
And Luna's silver solitude's erased!

—BETTY BUCKNER,
Sarasota, Fla.

(*Answer on page 63*)

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URBAN TRANSIT MODEL

by HANS J. STUECK

HAMBURG, WEST GERMANY.

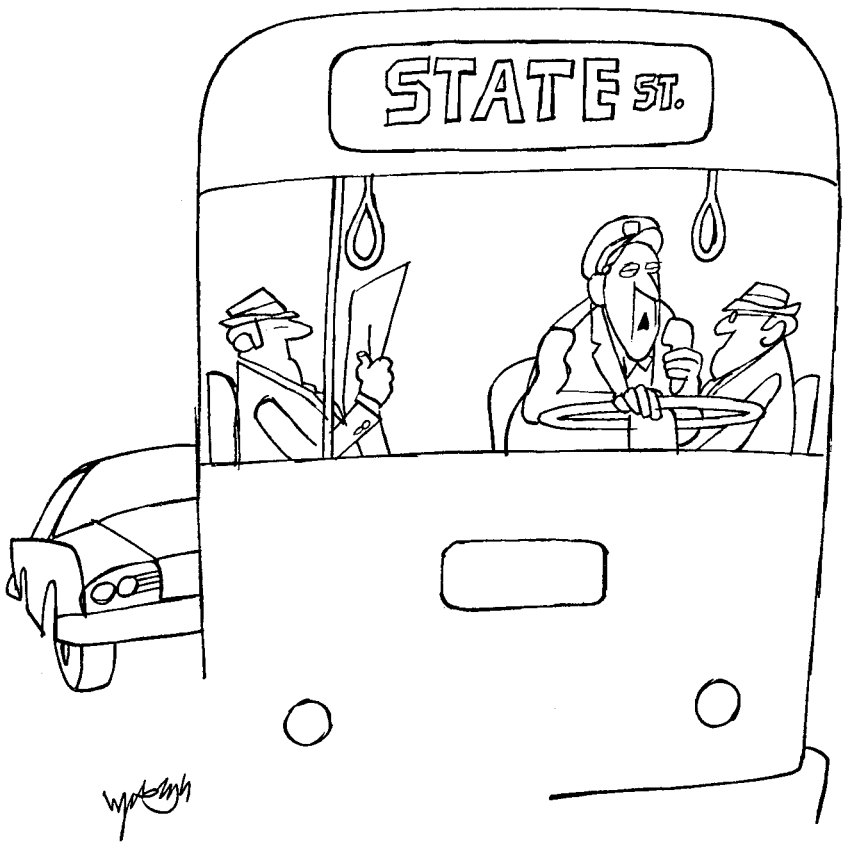
City planners perennially talk about a transportation system in which all types of mass conveyance would be integrated for the traveler's convenience. Instead of competing with each other for passengers over parallel routes, the bus lines would extend from and feed the subways and railroads. The concept is generally looked upon as a dream. But since December 1966, it has actually operated here in West Germany's second largest city, and transportation experts now come from all over the world to watch it at work.

Hamburger Verkehrsverbund, the system is called; Verbund for short. It serves 2.5 million residents of more than 1,000 square miles of territory, linking the Elbe River port city and commercial center of Hamburg with 233 surrounding communities in the states of Lower Saxony and Schleswig-Holstein.

The Verbund logically could be a model for transportation reform in American cities, for Hamburg shares the American phenomenon of a thinning inner city accompanied by rapidly growing suburbs. From 1938 to 1966, the population of Hamburg proper rose only slightly: from 1.7 million to 1.85 million. Meanwhile, the population on the fringes of the city swelled from 255,000 to 600,000.

Instead of providing rapid crosstown transportation for the multiplying suburbanites, the subway, railway, and bus operators became cutthroat competitors. More and more commuters bought automobiles to get home from work more quickly. The autos clogged the streets and highways at rush hours. The stalled traffic lines grew longer and longer.

HANS J. STUECK is a *New York Times* correspondent in Germany, stationed in Bonn.



"Good morning. This is your driver. Welcome aboard bus 219. We'll be moving at the usual snail's pace through rush hour traffic, tail-gating, horn-blowing, and brake-jamming our way to the terminal. Be prepared for occasional outbursts of profanity aimed at women drivers and the Bureau of Traffic Planning. . . ."

The experts had recognized that the only possible solution to the problem was modernization and enlargement of Hamburg's existing urban train system and integration of all other carriers with its schedules and stations. This objective could be achieved only by rerouting established bus lines and opening new lines to get the suburbanite to the nearest train station without time-consuming waits and detours. But it took six years for these basic insights to be translated into reality.

Formation of the Verbund would have been much more difficult than it was if two of the eight transport entities linked within it had not previously shared almost 92 per cent of the traffic. The other six Verbund participants were small operators with little hope of continued survival under pre-1966 competitive conditions; several, in fact, had been losing money for years before the merger.

The success of the Verbund would not have been possible, either, without application of intense initiative to lure suburban motorists back to public transport. Forty parking lots were opened throughout the operating area to accommodate 5,000 autos at bus and railway stations. The brain behind the Verbund scheme was Max Mross, a veteran urban traffic expert with years of experience in Berlin. The division of responsibilities he conceived is now considered unique in the world. The Verbund itself takes care of transport research and planning, preparation of timetables, drafting of joint-fare systems, distribution of traffic revenues, public relations, and advertising. The component rail, subway, streetcar, bus, and boat lines supervise their own individual operations, collect fares, and make technical improvements as these are required.

The principal achievement of the Verbund is coordination of scheduling to make it easy for passengers to change from any carrier to any other in the city. This has entailed alteration of the routes of more than thirty bus lines, lengthening of the routes of twenty other lines, and opening sixteen additional lines to accommodate traffic thrown onto the system by a gradual phasing-out of streetcars.

In 1969, its third year of operation, when most other urban transport systems in West Germany were losing up to 10 per cent of their passenger traffic, the Verbund scored a 3 per cent traffic gain in spite of the fact that Hamburg's private auto population went up by 23,000.

One of the 10,000 to 20,000 motorcar owners whom the Verbund's improved service has won back to mass transport since 1966 is Horst Hoppe, a thirty-year-old office worker who lives at Lohbrugge near Bergedorf, twenty

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miles from the border of communist East Germany. Lying to the southeast of Hamburg proper, Lohbrugge is about eleven miles from the port city's shopping streets and flashy new office buildings.

Before inauguration of the Verbund, the bus from Lohbrugge to the Bergedorf railroad station meandered through numerous hamlets and housing projects, taking twenty minutes for the trip. Hoppe could never count on the bus arriving at the Bergedorf station in time for him to catch a train to Sternschanze, a major stop in downtown Hamburg from which he could walk to his office in less than five minutes in good weather or take a short subway ride if it was raining. To make his disconnected journey, Hoppe had to carry three tickets, one for the bus, one for the train, and (to safeguard against bad weather) one for the subway.

Today, Hoppe's bus from Lohbrugge to Bergedorf takes only five minutes. The bus always arrives before the train leaves. Hoppe is in Sternschanze within twenty-five minutes. There he has his old choice of walking to his office or taking a subway to Schlump station, which is only a few steps from his job.

Hoppe can buy any one of three types of tickets: single, zonal, and commuter season. Singles are good for all routes and lines without exception. A basic price of 60 pfennigs (about 16 cents in United States money) is fixed for a three-mile ride. Every three miles beyond that distance costs 20 pfennigs (5 cents) more. There are two types of zonal tickets for journeys within thirteen miles and twenty-six miles of the city center. These can be used as often as required on all forms of transportation within two hours of purchase. Commuter season tickets are issued either for five days or for seven days or for one month. Depending on how often they are used, they are 10 to 40 per cent cheaper than comparable single or zonal fares. Close to 60 per cent of all Verbund passengers are commuter season ticket holders—up 20 per cent from three years ago.

Upon boarding his bus at Lohbrugge, Hoppe shows his season ticket to the bus driver. At the railway station, he simply boards a train. There is no turnstile to pass through, no ticket puncher at the track gate. Nor does a conductor go through the train en route to check on tickets. Riders' honesty is kept alive by spot checking inspectors who are empowered to levy fines of up to $50 on ticketless passengers. Verbund officials say the threat of such large penalties, coupled with the staid port citizens' traditional love of fair play, has kept the rate of swindling low.

Commuters on the Verbund lines are even spared the inconvenience of going to the counter each month for season tickets. Anyone with a bank account can put in a standing order to have the price of the ticket deducted from his bank balance. The Verbund mails the tickets to the homes of subscribers to this service, which is already so popular that the system's originator and president, Mross talks about the time when the bulk of Verbund's business will be in the form of bank-paid ticket sales. Mross' expectations may sound unrealistic to Americans, but in West Germany people of all income levels are accustomed to instruct their banks to make regular payments for rent, gas, electricity, newspapers, and even piano lessons.

During its three years of existence, the Verbund has extended the total length of its routes from 1,240 miles to more than 1,400 miles. Of this total, only 168 miles are represented by the subways and the railways. Stops on the Verbund system have risen from 1,850 to 2,380.

Students of environmental pollution will be particularly interested in the

fact that the Verbund's contribution to relief of atmospheric pollution from motor exhaust is not made at the expense of pollution from generation of electric power required to run the system. According to Hamburg's municipal utility company, Hamburgische Elektrizitätswerke, formation of the Verbund has brought little change in public transport power requirements. Because of the rapid expansion of train routes since 1966, there are no hopes of reducing power needs, but Verbund officials expect that extensive replacement of old-fashioned streetcars by buses and trains will eventually lead to larger trains and thus to a more economical use of power.

The appearance of present-day Hamburg reveals the pace of transportation change that the Verbund has wrought. There are giant construction sites in all parts of town, mainly for new subway routes, reflecting the city's announced goal that by 1985 no citizen ought to have to walk more than five minutes to the nearest subway or railway station. If Mross' plans work out, even Hamburg's 8,000 taxicabs eventually will be fitted into the Verbund's joint fare and transport community.

Answer to Wit Twister, page 61: *outré*, outer, route.

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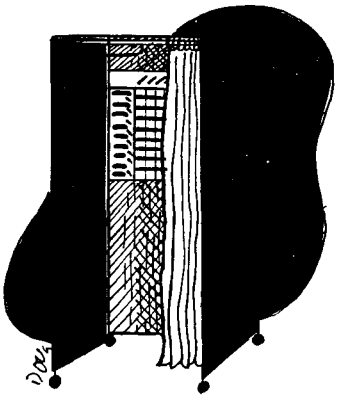
Earth Watch

Worldwide Environment Notes



Backing the Good Guys

A NEW FORCE made itself felt in this year's elections—militant conservationists determined to turn the environment into a campaign issue.

Among the environmental organizations that ventured into politics for the first time was the newly formed League of Conservation Voters, a national nonpartisan group dedicated to the election of candidates with good records on ecological questions and defeat of those with poor records.

The league endorsed a total of twenty-two candidates in primaries and the general election. Sixteen won; six lost.

The two biggest triumphs for the league were campaigns in which it supported a challenger of an incumbent.

In the Maryland primary, the league helped Paul Sarbanes, a former member of the state House of Delegates, to defeat Democratic Congressman George Fallon, thirteen-term veteran, chairman of the House Public Works Committee, and tireless promoter of highway construction.

In Idaho, the conservation enthusiasts assisted Democratic State Senator Cecil Andrus in ousting Republican Governor Don Samuelson, an outspoken advocate of the fullest exploitation of natural resources in the state's scenic mountain ranges and federally protected rivers.

The League of Conservation Voters also supported former Representative J. Edward Roush, Democrat of Indiana, in his successful campaign against incumbent Congressman E. Ross Adair, ranking Republican on the House Foreign Affairs Committee, who had voted against mass transit and other environmental improvement programs.

In some very close races, the league helped candidates to raise funds and made contributions of its own, distributing a total of about $45,000. In most contests, the organization simply gave its endorsement and provided local conservation groups with charts compiled in its Washington office in cooperation with Friends of the Earth, a politically active offshoot of the Sierra Club. The charts listed the votes of Senators and Congressmen on key environment issues over the years.

Among incumbent winners endorsed were Senator Philip Hart and Congressman John Dingell, Democrats, and Republican Representative Guy Vander Jagt, all from Michigan; Congressmen John Saylor, Republican of Pennsylvania, Paul McCloskey, Republican of California, and Henry Reuss, Democrat of Wisconsin. The victory list also included five other Congressmen, one state senator, and one state representative.

Losers included Democratic Senator Ralph Yarborough, defeated in the Texas primary; Democrat Richard L. Ottinger, who failed to win New York's junior Senate seat; former Governor Philip Hoff, Democrat of Vermont, who ran unsuccessfully against Senator Winston L. Prouty; one incumbent Congressman from California; and the unsuccessful challengers for a House seat and for the governorship in Texas.

According to Marion Edey, the Conservation League's twenty-five-year-old chairman and coordinator, this year's election was only a warm-up for 1972.

Environment Referendum Score Card

*Voters in the November 3 election generally rejected bonds and taxes for education but approved more than $1-billion worth of proposals for recreation and environmental pollution control. (*Passed, †Defeated)*

Alaska $11-million bond issue for water and sewer projects.*
$2.3-million bond issue for park and recreational facilities.*

California $250-million bond issue for water pollution control.*
$60-million bond issue for recreation and fish and wildlife protection.*
Constitutional amendment permitting use of gasoline taxes for air pollution studies and mass transit development.†

Florida Constitutional amendment permitting bond issue for air and water pollution control.*
$100-million bond issue to implement the amendment.*
Restrictions on disposal of state lands.*

Illinois $750-million bond issue for water pollution control.*

Maine $4-million bond issue for oil-spill control.*
Special land-use taxes.*

Massachusetts Special land-use taxes.†

Nevada $5-million bond issue for parks.*

Oregon Restrictions on shoreline development along 500 miles of six rivers declared "scenic waterways."*

Rhode Island "Environmental Bill of Rights" constitutional amendment.* $3.1-million bond issue for sewage project.†

Virginia "Environmental Bill of Rights" constitutional amendment.*

Washington $40-million bond issue for recreational facilities.*
$25-million bond issue for water pollution control.*
Mandatory 5-cent deposit on soft drink and beer containers.†

Targeting a "Dirty Dozen"

ENVIRONMENTAL ACTION, the youthful Washington-based group that coordinated student activities on Earth Day last April, moved into politics with a bipartisan list of twelve Congressman —two Democrats and ten Republicans —dubbed the "Dirty Dozen" and

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marked for defeat. Six of the twelve were unseated, five were re-elected, and one contest remained uncertain at the time this issue went to press.

Criteria for inclusion on the list were voting records on environmental questions and such collateral issues as the SST, defense spending, and civil rights; a realistic possibility of defeat; and the availability of an attractive opponent.

Environmental Action provided no financial support to any candidate. Its campaign activity consisted mainly of furnishing other conservation-minded organizations with information—much of it from the voting charts and research files of the League of Conservation Voters.

Two of the Dirty Dozen who were defeated, Representatives George Fallon, Democrat of Maryland, and E. Ross Adair, Republican of Indiana, were also targets of the league. Other Environmental Action choices who lost were Byron G. Rogers, Democrat of Colorado; Odin Langen, Republican of Minnesota; William H. Ayres of Ohio, ranking Republican on the House Education and Labor Committee; and Henry C. Schadeberg, Republican of Wisconsin.

Re-elected in spite of Environmental Action's opposition were David W. Dennis, Earl F. Landgrebe, and Roger H. Zion of Indiana; John Kyl of Iowa; and Larry Winn, Jr. of Kansas, Republicans all.

Congressman William O. Cowger, Republican of Kentucky, appeared to have been defeated by a margin of 210 votes, but a recount was certain and the final outcome may have to be resolved by the Congress.

Man-made Sound Barrier

FRANKFURT.

A HIGH CONVEX wall is being built around the airport of this West German city to protect those living nearby from the ground-produced roar and whine of preflight jet planes.

The forty-six-foot-high barrier is made of slabs of concrete, each measuring ten by thirty feet, bolted to reinforced concrete supports. One-half mile of wall has been constructed so far at a cost of $800,000.

Acoustic experts from the Frankfurt Institute for Sound and Vibration Engineering chose the exact location for the wall. Concrete is a good sound insulator, and the German engineers believe the barrier will be effective in cutting down high-frequency sound.

To Protect the Troubled Waters

OTTAWA.

THE CANADIAN GOVERNMENT is planning to enact new regulations to prevent the pollution of national waters by ships of any registry passing through them.

Specific areas where action has been requested by the Minister of Transport are:

- Improved construction and maintenance of vessels carrying pollutants;
- A limit on the quantity of pollutants ships may carry;
- Enforced provision on board of pollution control and cleanup equipment;
- Stiffer penalties for the willful or negligent discharge of pollutants;
- A formula covering liability for pollution damage to property and the costs of cleanup;
- Provision for recompense to commercial fishermen for loss of income.

The new regulations will be cast in the form of amendments to the Canadian Shipping Act, which must be approved by the House of Commons.

Taxis to Run on Propane Gas

LONDON.

A TAXICAB company here has begun converting its fleet of 130 cars from diesel and gasoline-fueled engines to motors driven by propane gas, which emits fewer chemical pollutants into the atmosphere. The conversion process takes a day and costs about $360 for each vehicle.

Although the initial conversion is expensive, the fleet owner says it results in a long-term saving because propane costs considerably less per gallon than does gasoline or diesel oil.

The gas is carried in a metal cylinder in the trunk of the cab. Cylinders occupy approximately 2.5 cubic feet of space and hold about fifteen gallons of gas. The taxis average some 200 miles per cylinder and must then return to the company garage for refills from large propane storage tanks housed there.

The gas is the same as that used for stoves and heating in country cottages and mobile homes.

Tax Break for Anti-Polluters

PARIS.

SPECIAL TAX INCENTIVES are being offered the French to encourage the installation of air pollution devices in as many buildings as possible.

Companies that meet the standards will be permitted to write off half the cost of the anti-pollution equipment as a business expense the first year after the installation is completed. The rest of the cost will be amortized over the life-span of the installation. Ordinarily, the entire cost of new equipment is amortized within this time limit.

To qualify for the accelerated depreciation, buildings in which controls are installed must be stable structures and the equipment must be designed to control either air or odor pollution. In addition, the equipment must be installed in such a way as to become a permanent part of the building.

Examples of anti-pollution devices the government will permit under the new tax write-off are: Venturi filters, sedimentation chambers, gas recuperators, incinerators, furnaces, electrostatic filters, and conduits for gas evacuation that are designed to dilute the gases in the atmosphere.

—SALLY LINDSAY.

—German Information Center

Separating the men from the noise—Frankfurt's airport wall.

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THE CO-EVOLUTIONARY RACE

Chemicals used to protect crops from pests may create new pests by upsetting natural systems of resistance.

by PAUL R. EHRLICH and
JOHN P. HOLDREN

Pests do not always remain pests, and non-pests may become pests. Furthermore, no strain of crops can be assumed to be permanently "resistant" to any particular pest. Plants and the organisms that attack them make up a dynamic system. The attackers (to use an anthropomorphic description) are eternally trying to improve their attack, and the plants are continually trying to evolve more effective defenses. Plants and pests are involved in what biologists call a "co-evolutionary race."

Predators and prey, parasites and hosts, and flowering plants and their pollinators also make up co-evolutionary systems, in which two or more types of organisms evolve in response to changes in one another. The best-known of such systems is that comprised of plants and herbivores (plant-eating animals). In a world that faces an accelerating food crisis, the functioning of this system is of prime concern.

Plants have evolved a vast array of defenses against herbivores. Some of the more obvious are the sharp spines of cacti and acacias and the irritants in poison ivy and its relatives. The most important, however, are a great variety of poisonous compounds deposited in the plant tissues. These poisons are well known to us in various guises. Some, such as the nicotine from tobacco and pyrethrins from daisylike flowers, are used by man for the same purpose for which they evolved—as pesticides. Others, such as the active ingredients of marijuana and opium, also are used in much the way nature intended—as intoxicants. What better way to get rid of the lamb that is eating you than by blowing its mind so it runs eagerly to the lion? Other plant poisons serve us as spices, and some, such as quinine and digitalis, are used in medicines. Of course, we often breed these poisons out of our crops so the foods will be both safe and palatable.

Herbivores, especially plant-eating insects, have in turn evolved many ways of penetrating plant defenses. They may eat only delicate tissues where the plant cannot deposit poisons without injuring itself. They may evolve physiological systems for rendering the poisons harmless. They may even deposit the poisons in their own tissues and thus become toxic to their enemies.

It is not surprising that man has a great deal of difficulty in controlling his insect competitors with man-made poisons. Not only have insect pests been dealing with poisons for millions of years, but they are usually in an excellent position to increase whatever natural resistance to poisons they may have. They have large-sized populations (which is why they qualify as pests). This tends to give them great genetic variability and thus a capacity to evolve rapidly. On the other hand, the predators and parasites that normally keep pest populations under control almost always have quite small populations. Combined with their lack of evolutionary "experience" with poisons, this makes them especially susceptible to insecticides.

"God bless us every one!"

A common first result of "broadcast" spray programs is the decimation of the pest and the virtual extermination of local predators and parasites. The pest then makes a comeback as the relatively resistant survivors from the breeding stock reproduce each generation. Soon, in the absence of natural controls, the pest is a greater threat than it was before—and larger doses of poison are required to save crops. Also, the general destruction of predators and parasites often releases other herbivorous insects or mites from natural controls and they then are "promoted" to pest status.

Indeed, far from dealing with a finite number of "enemies" the petrochemical industry is busily creating new pests, against which it then proceeds to develop new chemical weapons. Mites were rarely an agricultural pest until DDT was used. DDT did not kill mites very well, but it did a fine job on their insect enemies. Now the petrochemical industry sells an impressive array of "miticides."

One of the best ways to protect crops from attack is to help them with their side of the co-evolutionary struggle—that is, help them become resistant to pests. One major problem with the introduction of new high-yielding grain varieties over much of the world is that the diversity of strains is being reduced (a single "miracle" wheat may replace numerous traditional varieties). A loss of genetic variability in these crops would be a disaster, as it would seriously reduce our ability to develop new resistant strains in response to the emergence of new varieties of pests.

In the tropics, non-crop plants tend to be more poisonous and herbivore populations more accustomed to poisons and generally more difficult to control than in temperate zones. This is one of several reasons why tropical agriculture, as a whole, will not be as successful as temperate agriculture in the near future.

Agriculturalists are beginning to pay more attention to co-evolutionary interactions and are devising systems of "integrated control" that do not depend on the self-defeating broadcast spraying of poisons. They are also taking action to preserve the genetic variability of crops in "strain banks." Whatever success we have in increasing agricultural production without destroying the ecology of our planet will depend in large part on how rapidly such sensible procedures are adopted.

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The Seymours just gave birth to a nine-year-old.

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Help is a $15.00 monthly check from the Seymours. Not a hand out, mind you, but a boost up so that families like Linda's can start to help themselves.

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Like a new community center built by Linda's neighbors with a self-help loan from Save the Children. A place where a doctor and a dentist can have a clinic for the first time. And swings and slides. And a day care center where Linda can play safely. This, in essence, is Save the Children Federation.

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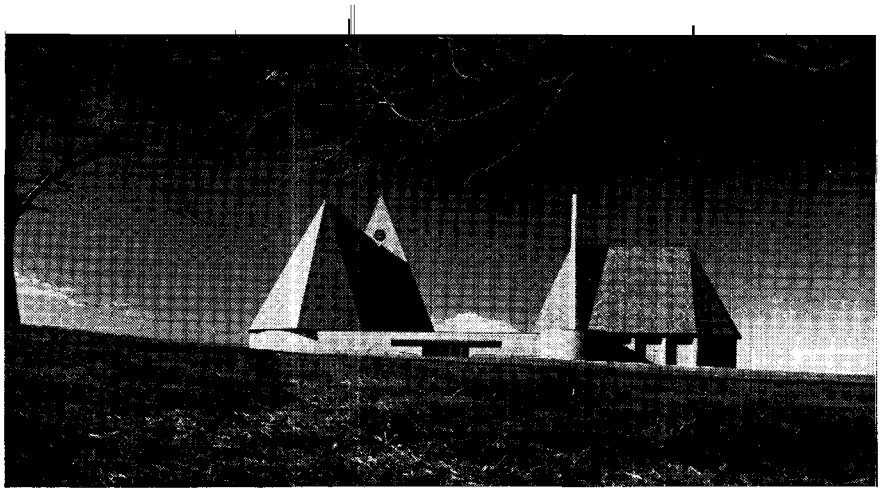

—Balthazar Korat

"Modern rendering of traditional forms"—Harry Weese's First Baptist Church, Columbus, Indiana.

DESIGN FOR BELONGING

Church architecture can enhance the environment with meetinghouses that provide a sense of community.

by WOLF VON ECKARDT

Obviously there is much shoddy work in all types of buildings. But today's religious architecture, as architect, photographer, and critic G. E. Kidder Smith said, "seems, paradoxically, capable of bringing out the worst in man." Like our gaudy automobiles, our churches and synagogues are more often than not ostentatiously and mendaciously overdesigned. The architecture of worship has become worship of architecture.

I therefore applauded when Rabbi Eugene J. Lipman told a recent conference on religious architecture that we should stop building any more churches or temples until everyone in the inner city is decently housed and suburban congregations have "earned the right" to new places of worship by their social action.

But on reflection I withdraw my applause. We need not only decent housing in the inner city but also a sense of neighborhood and of belonging. And social action needs facilities for its activities. Church buildings can provide both. Too many congregations, to be sure, have run away from the problems of the inner city and fled to the suburbs. Members of the National Presbyterian Church in Washington, D. C., even demolished the building they left behind—not so much, I suppose, to erase the memory of the fact that several Presidents had worshiped in it as to make a real estate profit. That profit, however, was a decided loss for the city, which was deprived not only of a bit of history, charm, and ambience but also of a much-needed community facility.

Most remaining downtown churches —and many store-front churches as well—are used for more than Sunday services, social suppers, and bingo games. The clergy frequently provide day care for the children of working mothers, hot lunches for the elderly, counsel and shelter for hippies and runaways, and new cultural stimulation and recreation for much of the community. These activities often depend as much on the physical space of the church as on their social initiative.

In fact, the church building in the ghetto has largely become what the church building used to be in colonial New England—a meetinghouse as well as a place of worship. Like the American Revolution, the black revolution began in these meetinghouses.

We need more, not fewer, of these community centers. And we need them as much in the scattered, amorphous suburbs as we do in the inner city. We need community buildings that are not merely functionally adequate for a variety of activities but beautiful as well. Buildings that contribute, in August Heckscher's phrase, to "the public happiness," bring out the best in people and, in a festive way, foster and express a sense of community. Organized religions, it seems to me, are in a better position than any other groups to provide such buildings.

The reason modern religious buildings are so rarely successful esthetically, and are often, in fact, ludicrously pretentious and ugly, is, I believe, that many congregations are self-conscious about their religiosity. A church should look like a church, a synagogue like a synagogue, worshipers are inclined to pontificate. But what, pray tell, does a church or a synagogue look like? In answering that question, we are forced to fall back on our mental associations with the religious architecture of the past, an architecture that served a totally different age and even a different set of liturgical functions. Besides, both architectural critics and theologians agree that aping past styles is pointless. "The request that new buildings be stylistically contemporary is rooted in the nature of creativity and the ethical principle of honesty," said Paul Tillich.

The only religious building of our time that has in some measure succeeded in recapturing both historic form and historic spirit is the Washington Cathedral. Modeled on the Gothic style of the fourteenth century, the cathedral was begun in 1907 and is still under construction. The building methods as well as the style are largely Gothic. The cathedral is a work of incredible devotion by all concerned, most notably by its chief architect, Philip Hubert Frohman, and that alone makes it a magnificent and quite awesome anachronism. In comparison, the shoddy, pseudo-colonial churches that infest so much of suburbia are vulgar insults to religious traditions.

Some architects try to inject religion into their religious buildings not by dressing them up in past styles but, somewhat in the manner of the eclectic Victorians, by borrowing historic shapes and forms and by bending, twisting, or otherwise contorting them to serve new purposes. Pointed arches, Renaissance porticoes, spindly columns, bulging cupolas, and streamlined whatnots give their buildings a surrealistic flavor (often heightened by colored lighting effects controlled from the pulpit), although they are supposed to achieve poetic effects. Some architectural firms grind out this architectural Kitsch at amazing rates and merchandise it complete with wordy sermons

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that invent a religious symbolism for every carelessly placed air-conditioning vent.

Architects who are commercially less successful but intellectually more honest will tell the congregation that there is a new spirit in both architecture and religion, and that new building methods and materials, the new liturgy, and new social awareness dictate totally new forms. Each religious building, says Kidder Smith, "should grow from its particular requirements —its site, its climate, its neighbors, its program."

Some wonderful churches have been built in that spirit since Auguste Perret designed the first truly modern one—Notre Dame du Raincy near Paris—forty-seven years ago. Among the more recent religious structures I admire most are Wallace K. Harrison's First Presbyterian Church at Stamford, Connecticut, with its walls of colored glass; the First Baptist Church in Columbus, Indiana, designed by Harry Weese, a modern rendering of traditional forms; the church by Eliel Saarinen in the same city; and, most of all, the MIT Chapel with its utterly simple exterior and truly moving interior space designed by Saarinen's son, Eero.

I am all for such spiritual sanctuaries, if we can get them. But I wonder whether congregations and architects are not straining too hard for originality and spirituality at the expense of simple quality. And I wonder if religion would not be better served with a house built for men rather than for God; a place not just for one group but where everyone is welcome.

The new town of Columbia, in Maryland, has built such a house. Its "Religious Facilities Center"—the first such structure in the country—just opened in Wild Lake Village, the town's first completed neighborhood. The center is the product of an ecumenical effort in which members of thirteen Protestant denominations joined with Jews, Roman Catholics, and Unitarians. They use the center's two major spaces for worship at different times. The rooms are designed to be used also for assemblies, educational purposes, civic affairs, theatrical productions, and social events. The architects acknowledge that such multi-purpose space will hardly express "sacredness." What they attempted to create instead is an environment for both religious worship and community endeavor, a setting in which all kinds of people will gladly come together to enjoy their humanity and help make their new town a good place in which to live. Columbia's Religious Facilities Center is, of course, not a real church. But somehow it looks like one.

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(Continued on page 72)

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HOUSES AVAILABLE

For Sale

(Continued from page 71)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1913

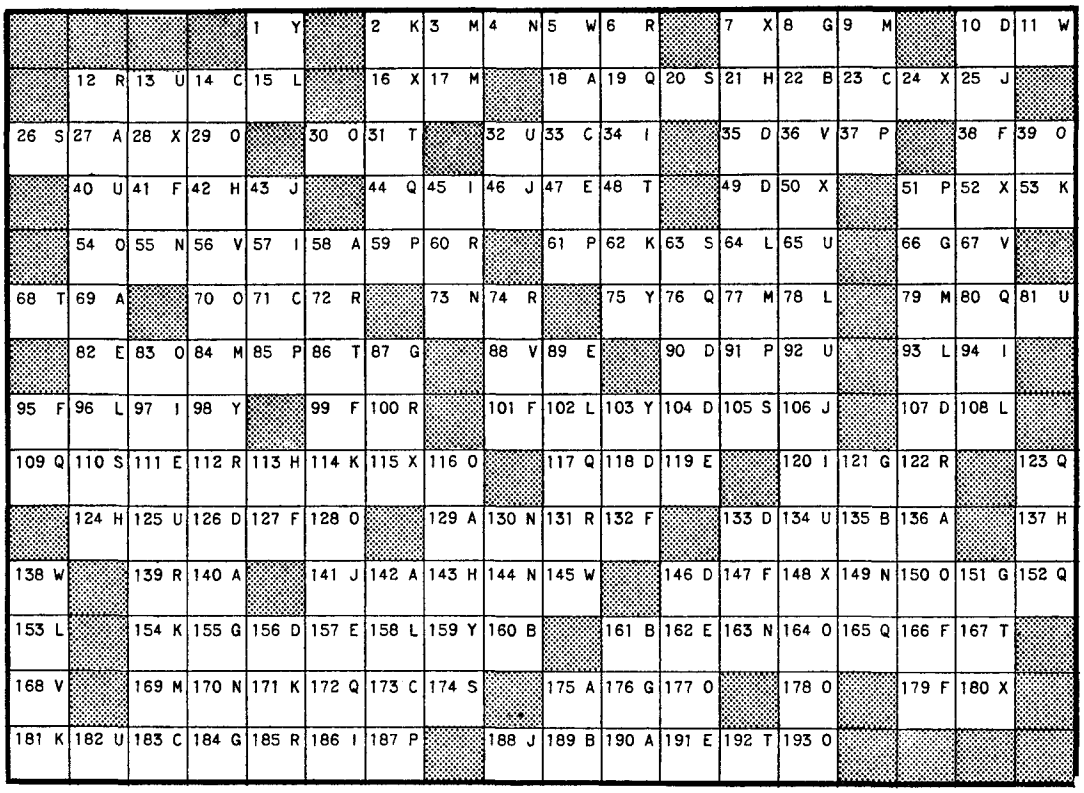
Reg. U. S. Patent Office

By Thomas H. Middleton

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. Alexander the Great's favorite horse	18 27 129 136 140 142 175 190 58 69
B. Single	135 160 161 189 22
C. A worsted yarn for embroidery and edging	173 183 14 23 33 71
D. "Touching this vision here,/It is an ———." (2 wds., "Hamlet")	104 107 118 126 146 156 10 35 49 90 133
E. Forest	157 162 191 47 82 89 111 119
F. Medieval ewer, often made in grotesque animal forms	127 147 166 179 38 41 95 99 101 132
G. Treated as a celebrity	8 66 121 176 184 151 155 87
H. Crown	113 137 21 124 143 42
I. "This beggar maid shall be ——!" Cophetua swore. (2 wds.; Tennyson, "The Beggar Maid")	97 94 57 186 34 45 120
J. Youthful; ebullient	188 43 46 106 141 25
K. Charm, enchant	154 53 114 171 2 181 62
L. Excess, rest, balance	64 78 93 96 102 108 153 158 15
M. Snake mackerel commonly found in deep, marine waters	17 79 9 77 84 169 3
N. Spenser's sonnets to Elizabeth	55 73 130 144 149 163 170 4
O. She played the lady who vanishes in "The Lady Vanishes." (3 wds.)	177 70 128 150 54 83 116 193 164 178 29 30 39
P. Most moisture-laden	37 59 61 85 91 187 51
Q. Any of several pinaceous trees of the genus *Thuja*	117 19 109 165 44 80 76 172 123 152
R. "A Busher's Letters" by Ring Lardner (4 wds.)	74 185 139 6 100 12 122 131 60 112 72
S. Moses' father-in-law (Ex. 18:12)	26 63 105 174 110 20
T. Leisured, idle, indolent	31 167 68 192 48 86
U. Frankness, candor	182 40 125 65 32 81 134 13 92
V. Crwth or crowd	56 36 67 88 168
W. Alaskan port	5 11 138 145
X. Fine silky asbestos	24 180 7 115 50 16 52 148 28
Y. Loyal, faithful	75 1 98 103 159

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram... When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning... Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line... When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop.



Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 13 of this issue.

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Panasonic introduces everything in stereo.

One unit that lets you record and play cassettes. Listen to FM/AM and FM stereo. And just about any phonograph record ever made. This is our Model RS-257S. It could be everything you've ever wanted in stereo.

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The RS-257S has separate bass, treble, balance and volume controls. Comes wrapped in beautiful walnut-grained cabinetry. Topped by a dust cover. With a mike and one pre-recorded cassette. And if you think it looks like a million, wait till you hear the sound from its matched pair of 2-way speaker systems.

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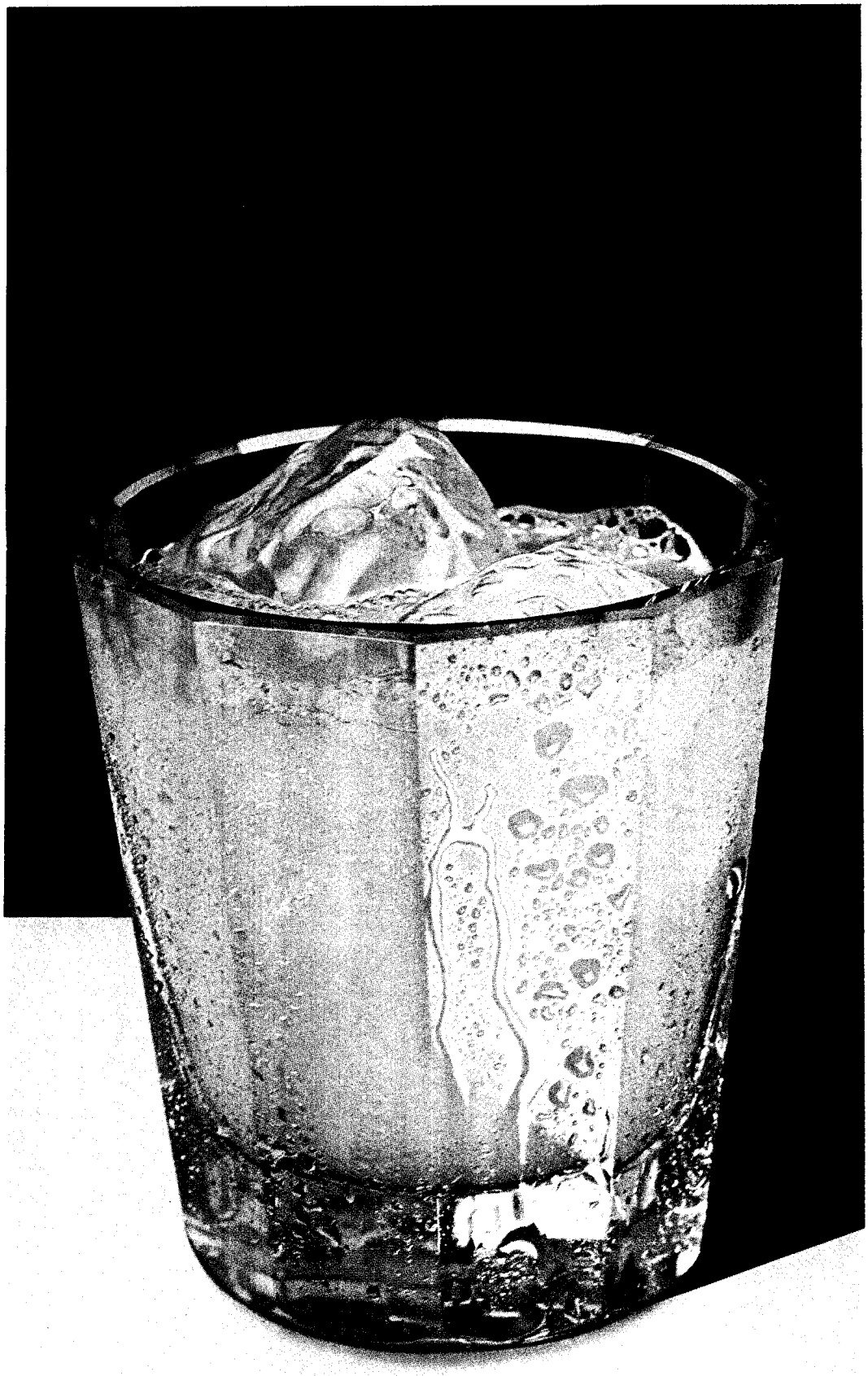
HOW TO MAKE OR BREAK A DAIQUIRI.



The Daiquiri.

Such a treat for the tongue when it is well made. Such a syrupy flop when it isn't. Because it takes more than good intentions to make a good Daiquiri.

Some rums, you see, are much too heavy and syrupy for the Daiquiri.

Puerto Rican Rums, on the other hand, are light and clear and dry. And because they are aged and charcoal filtered for smoothness, they impart a mellow flavor to the Daiquiri.

Yet even these fine rums must be mixed in the correct proportions to make a perfect Daiquiri: to 1½ oz. of White or Silver Puerto Rican Rum add ½ oz. lime juice and 1 scant tea spoon of sugar (or ½ oz. of Frozen Fresh Daiquiri Mix). Shake with ice Or serve on the rocks with a little ex tra rum. (Which is the way most men like their Daiquiris.)

Remember, though. All Daiquiris are created equal in proportion.

But when it comes to the rum you put in them, some Daiquiris are more equal than others.

THE RUMS OF PUERTO RICO

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